

LETTERS

BETWEEN

AN ENGLISH LADY

AND

Her FRIEND at PARIS.

VOL. II.

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AN ENGLISH LADY

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In which are contained,

And the MUSEUM OF HISTORY



Mrs. W. A. M. S.

By a LADY.

A NEW EDITION.

VOLUME

LONDON.

Printed for T. BAKER and R. A. DE
HONOR, in the Strand.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

THE MISTRESS



Mrs. WILLIAMS

BY A LADY

A NEW EDITION

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LONDON:

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MDCCCXXXI

(1)

THE
MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. WILLIAMS.

A Twelve-month had now past since our marriage pretty peaceably, during which time I was brought to bed of a boy, to the great joy of the *Williams* family. My uncle wrote me a letter upon the occasion, in which he desired he might be a god-father to my child. I begged Mr. *Williams* would wait upon him with our sincere thanks, for this his genteel and friendly offer; and at the same time to try, if he could engage him to stand for his son in person, as he was to be christened at home; he did so, and succeeded. My aunt call-

ed one morning to ask me how I did. These events gave me great pleasure, as I had long suffered from the idea, that I was an alien on earth, and belonged to nobody, being abandoned by all my own relations, excepting poor *Sophie*. My aunt even promised me to use her endeavours to bring my father to see me, when I should be able to go out, and added, that, in case he consented, which she was pretty sure he would, she desired she might introduce me to him, and would call on me, in her coach, for that purpose, at the time appointed. Thus these good folks, like the rest of the world, seeing me well established, as they thought, and judging that I should never want any thing of them, were ready to be reconciled to me; but had wisely waited to see how affairs would turn out, before they shewed me any countenance, having previously determined, that, if I had made a bad

match for myself, I might take the consequences of it, and starve for my punishment. This is one of those sentiments which is frequently found in the breasts of parents, and which, I confess, I have never been able to account for. When a girl marries against the consent and approbation of her parents, I should think the crime lay in the act of disobedience, and was neither to be aggravated or mitigated by the consequences it produces, which have, in my apprehension, nothing to do with the motive for our anger; they may, indeed, affect us with an increase of sorrow, or an alleviation of it, as the girl is made either happy, or miserable, by her choice; but, her being the latter, ought, in my opinion, to divest the heart of all resentment, and lay it open to the tenderer sensations of pity and forgiveness; since, to the truly bene-

volent and generous mind, the unhappy cannot be in the wrong.

The world in general, however, as I have already observed, act upon principles diametrically opposite to these, and so did my parents; for I was received on my aunt's presenting me to my father, if not with pleasure, at least with great good humour and civility. My mother eyed me, with a look, as I thought, of tender concern; and said, (with seemingly a mother's feelings) "My dear *Charlotte*, you look sadly; do have a dish of chocolate, or a glass of wine." I thanked her for this kind attention to my health; and, indeed, I believe, that since I had ceased being a competitor with *Sophie* in my father's favour, she began to consider me as her child. My father's penetrating eyes seemed to pierce my breast, and every time mine met them, I thought he was
reading

reading my husband's failings in the book of my heart. This idea pained me ; he perceived it, and said, " Don't be uneasy, my poor girl ; I am no conjuror, nor will I endeavour to see into your thoughts farther than you chuse I should." I answered, " That I hoped I should never have any, for the future, which could merit his disapprobation." He replied, with a sigh, " What is past, child, cannot be-recalled ; there is no remedy, now, for the error you have committed ; and in the present weak state of your health, it would be as cruel as useless to upbraid you with it ; you have, therefore, continued he, nothing to fear from me on that subject, either now, or hereafter ; let the consequences of the false step you have taken be what they may." These last words were spoken with a tone of indifference, which pierced me to the soul. I loved my

father with the utmost tenderness, and was wounded to death to find myself treated by him with much more civility than affection. I knew his inexorable temper, and therefore concluded, that, though he kept up appearances, yet I had forfeited his love and esteem for ever. They gave me leave, however, to present my husband to them the next day, and my mother good-naturedly said to me, "you may take your sister home with you, if you will." Upon which, *Sophie* and I took our leaves of them, and returned home, where we found Mr. *Williams* talking to an odd looking man, in the parlour. He accosted me with a smile, saying, "My Dear, I have been buying a little estate in the country, of that man you saw with me." I replied, with a seemingly chearful air, "I am glad to hear it, my Dear, since I suppose you have had some revelation of a hidden treasure,

sure, with which you intend to pay for it." He looked grave at this answer, and said, "He had bought it for me, thinking that the air of the country would be of service to myself and child." I thanked him cordially for his tender care of our healths; and added, "But, Mr. *Williams*, excuse me if I say, that no air will be found salubrious, where the mind is not at peace; and, should you involve yourself in difficulties for my sake, you would defeat your own purposes; for I can never be either happy, or well, if you are uneasy." He replied, "That I always looked too far before me;" and observed, "That nobody could enjoy the *present*, who were so anxious for the *future*." To this reproof I made no answer.

The next morning, he desired I would go with him to look at the house he had purchased; I consented; as it

was only fourteen miles from town, it was a morning's ride thither, and back again. As we came near the place, Mr. *Williams* said, "There, my Dear, that is the house," (pointing to it;) it is very old, (continued he) but I intend to re-build it; it is a sweet situation." Upon getting out of the chariot, I was surprized at the ruinous condition it, and every thing around it, seemed to be in; it looked as if it had been uninhabited for 60 years; and, in fact, that was the case; as there had been a long Chancery suit to decide whom it belonged to; and, in the mean time, nobody would repair it, lest they should be laying out money on another person's property. Mr. *Williams* shewed me the beauty of the prospects on all sides of the house, and seemed enchanted with his new acquisition: I cannot say I was; but I concealed my sentiments, saying only,
"That

“That if he liked it, I was convinced that I should.” He then expatiated on the alterations he purposed to make in the garden, out-houses, &c. and laid a plan, which, to execute, must have cost him, at the least, fifteen hundred pounds. I durst not make an estimate of the expence to him, because of the reproof I had drawn upon myself the day before. On our return home, Mr. *Williams* said to me, in a careless, easy manner, “*Charlotte*, I must insist, that if my father and mother should blame me for having bought a house in the country, that you inform them, that I purchased it to oblige you; for, (continued he) their being angry with you, can be of no manner of signification; but their quarrelling with me, would probably be the ruin of us both.” I replied, “That I should ever be both ready and willing to sacrifice myself, in order to save him; and, therefore, would

would consent to let his parents suppose that he had purchased this estate at my request; but that I must beg to be excused from asserting a palpable falshood; and, therefore, could only promise not to contradict him, in case he should find it absolutely necessary to fling the blame on me." He did not seem much pleased with the tenderness of my conscience; however that might be, he amused himself daily in the country amongst his workmen, and was, consequently, very seldom at home but in the evenings. He had a passion for building, and laying out of ground, and had a pretty taste in both, as well as some judgment. These his frequent excursions soon informed his parents of what he was about; they took the alarm, and sent for him one morning to come to them immediately: What passed at this interview I know not; but the next time I waited upon them,

them, I was received with great coolness, and had a lecture read to me upon oeconomy, and several hints thrown out, "That they who were worth nothing, were generally the most liberal of other people's money." I felt this reproach severely, though I was conscious that I did not merit it. I could make no defence, my tongue was tied; so they attributed my silence either to obstinacy, or to an acknowledgment of my indiscretion: This reflection filled my heart with grief and humiliation. I found myself fallen in the esteem of those whom it was both my interest, as well as inclination, to oblige, and on the good opinion of whom, my husband's future behaviour to me would, I apprehended, greatly depend. I saw, with inexpressible concern, that their friendship was irretrievably lost to me, since I was destined to adopt all my husband's errors.

Thus

Thus he went on, involving himself more and more in debt. His parents daily remonstrated to him the evil consequences which must accrue from such an inconsiderate conduct; never failing to add, that he must not hope for any farther assistance from them. They repeatedly told me, "That it would not be long before I should have reason to repent the having drawn my husband in such schemes of extravagancy and expence." With an unfeeling air, he would often stand by, and hear me reprimanded for his faults. To do him justice, I really believe that the insensibility he shewed upon these occasions, proceeded more from the thorough contempt he had of his parents, than from a want of good-nature in him; he conceived their anger, or approbation, to be equally insignificant in themselves, and only of consequence, as they could either hurt or advance his interest,

rest. In this perplexed state of affairs, I comforted myself with the hopes of keeping my husband within bounds, with regard to his building in the country. I had already prevailed with him to pull down but one front of the house, declaring my attachment to that which looked into the garden: I now shewed a great impatience for its being finished; pleaded the necessity of our child's going into the country; in short, from continually teasing him, by my enquiries when it would be ready for us to go into, I curtailed his plan so considerably, that he one day told me, that the whole expence he had been at, would not amount to more than four hundred pounds, or a trifle over. This information gave me great pleasure, as I now found it in my power to pay all his workmen, and to make him a present of the house; my heart exulted in the thought;

and I enjoyed in idea the pleasure and surprize it would be to my husband, when I presented him with the five hundred pound note.

Full of these pleasing reflections, I was one night sitting alone, expecting my husband home every minute, when I heard a rap at the door, and naturally concluded it was him; but, to my great surprize, a Gentleman, whom I did not know, entered the room; he bowed, and made some handsome apologies for intruding upon me at such an unseasonable hour, but alledged, in his excuse, that he had an affair of consequence to communicate to me, and begged the servant might retire. I did not chuse to be left alone at that time of night, with a stranger; but upon his giving me a letter from my husband, I ordered the servant to leave the room; and then, with a trembling hand, I broke the seal, saying, at the same time,
“ Pray,

"Pray, Sir, has any accident happened to Mr. *Williams*?" He answered, "That the letter would inform me." I then attempted to read it, but in vain; I found a mist before my eyes, my heart palpitated, and I sunk lifeless from my chair: The Gentleman instantly rung the bell for assistance; after some minutes I recovered, and again ordered the servants to quit the room; upon which the stranger said to me, "I am much concerned, Madam, to see you thus alarmed; I wish I had told you the affair at once, which is not near so bad, I can assure you, as you seem to be apprehensive of; your husband is very well, as you would have found, could you have read his letter: The case is this; as I was coming from a tavern to-night, where I had supped with some friends, I saw a crowd in the Strand; being curious to know what was the matter, I went

I went up to it, and found there a Gentleman striving to rescue himself from two Bailiffs who had hold of him; upon coming nearer him, I perceived it to be young Mr. *Williams*; upon which I accosted him, and advised him to submit, and to go with the men to a Spunging-house, where he might stay till to-morrow, and then get bail, it being now too late. With much difficulty I got him to consent to what they would have forced him to without it: I accompanied him to —, where, after having wrote that letter, he begged me to convey it to you, Madam, and to desire you, from him, not to make yourself uneasy upon his account, as he would certainly dine with you to-morrow. I then asked the Gentleman, at whose suit he had been arrested? He answered me, that he was totally ignorant as to that particular, as well as of the sum for which he

he was arrested; I then enquired much if he was in a good room, and well taken care of; he assured me he was; and then, taking his leave of me, said, "He should, with my permission, take the liberty of waiting upon me the next day, in order to enquire after my health, and to offer me his further services, if I would honour him with my commands." I thanked him very sincerely, and wished him a good night. I leave you to judge what sort of one I past. The next morning I determined to go myself to the place of Mr. *Williams's* confinement, in order to pay the debt. I now reproached myself for not having saved my husband this dishonour, by giving him the bank note sooner, as I concluded, that some of the work people, who were employed in repairing the house in the country, had grown impatient for their money, and so had caused him to be arrested. This was

a very natural idea, as I firmly believed, that he had no other debts but such as were contracted upon that account. As soon, therefore, as I thought it a decent hour to go out, (for I had impatiently counted every clock since the Gentleman had left me, such was my eagerness to see my husband) I got into a hackney chair, and ordered it to the place where Mr. *Williams* was confined. On my arrival at the door of the house, I asked an ill-looking man, who stood there, If I could see the Gentleman who was brought there late last night, not chusing to mention his name; he replied, "Yes, Miss, I will let the Gentleman know you are here, if you will tell me your name, for he has got company with him already; and perhaps he may not chuse to have two wenches at a time." I annexed no idea to what the man said, at that time; so, putting half a crown into his

his hand, he immediately led me up stairs, and opened the door of the chamber where Mr. *Williams* was. But how shall I paint to you my astonishment ! on finding him sit with his arm round a pretty young woman's neck who was seated on his lap. The hurry of spirits I had undergone, ever since the night before ; the novelty of the scene which now presented itself before me, joined to the quick transition it occasioned in me, from the joy I had conceived of being his liberator, to the surprize, sorrow, and mortification, of finding him in such company, and in such an attitude, altogether overcame me so intirely, that I could not speak ; my legs tottered under me ; I seized hold of the first chair I came near, and then let myself fall, silent and pale, into it. I did not, however, lose my senses, though I did my speech ; I had of them just enough left to perceive my husband's confusion ;

his Fair One seemed much less discomposed than he. He begged her, in a low voice, to leave the room; to which she answered, speaking very loud, "That she would not; that I should know her wrongs, and that she would be paid." Mr. *Williams* then advanced to me with a timid step, and an eye confessing shame; he took my hand, and, putting it to his mouth, said, "Loveliest, best of women, hear me before you condemn me." I made no answer, neither did I withdraw my hand from his; he continued, "That worthless girl you see there, my Dear, was kept by me before I married you; and, in the enthusiasm of a brutal passion, she had the address to inveigle me to give her a promissory note for a sum of money, to be paid her in case I ever turned her off: and it is for the payment of this note, that she has now arrested me; and this is not all, for she

has the impudence to tell me, that I gave her credit to many shop-keepers, where she has taken up goods in my name, and shall send them all to me to be paid." I answered with a faint voice, "It is but just that you should fulfil the obligations which you voluntarily laid yourself under to that young woman." "Thank you, Madam," said the girl: "I wanted (continued she) to have carried in all my demands upon him, to his father, when he paid his debts, but Mr. *Williams* would not let me, saying he would pay me himself very shortly, yet I never could get a farthing from him, from that time to this; and just now, when you came in, he was coaxing me to give him another year's credit; but I won't do any such thing." To end all disputes between them, I asked her, if she would take my word for the payment of the note? which I then desired to see; she shewed

it me; I told her, that if she would call upon me any time that day, I gave her my honour, that I would pay her the money; and, in the mean time, I said, do you discharge Mr. *Williams*. She looked at me steadily for some moments, and then replied, "Yes, Madam, I will trust to your honour; at what hour shall I wait on you?" I answered, "In an hour after Mr. *Williams* is at liberty, if you please." All this past without any interruption on the part of my husband, who continued sitting in his chair silent and pensive, and, as I thought, looking rather foolish than otherwise. Miss *Fanny Fetch* (for it was her) ran down stairs, in order to perform her part of the agreement; which, after Mr. *Williams* had paid the fees, and some other exorbitant demands, was thoroughly effected; and he returned home with me in a hackney-coach, where, as soon as we were seated, he took

took my hand, and said, "My amiable wife, what a contemptible figure must I, at this moment, make in your eyes! Can you forgive me, *Charlotte*?"

Without waiting my answer, he went on, "But, indeed, my Dear, I am not so criminal as you may, perhaps, imagine me to be; I did not kiss that infamous girl from any love I had for her, but merely for your sake, in order to engage her to give me a little more time, and then I hoped to have paid her, without the affair's ever coming to your knowledge." I answered, "That the intention might be good, but that I thought the means rather indelicate." I spoke very little in our way home, lest I should betray the resentment which filled my bosom, on his having deceived his father and me, in so atrocious a manner; and, in the humour I was then in, I thought he did not deserve my love; I therefore resolved,

solved, for the future, to do my duty, in every respect, as a wife, but never more to entertain in my breast any tenderer sentiments for him than those of friendship. This was a wise plan; and I don't doubt but you are convinced, that I found it very easy to put into practice, as I had imposed upon myself a task which would, from its difficulty, have almost startled a Stoic; a task, which was never accomplished but by those few, and respectable Philosophers, who, from a study of themselves, had acquired the power of subjecting their *passions* to their *reason*, and, by making *her* despotic, rendered *them* slaves: The practice, however, of this sublime philosophy, appeared, to my inexperience, no very difficult undertaking, as I foolishly imagined that love could not exist, where we ceased to esteem. But to my story.

On

On our arrival at home, I sent the Bank bill of five hundred pounds, to be changed into smaller ones, and, when Miss *Fanny* came, I paid her one hundred pounds, which was the sum promised her by the note. I then asked her, "What were the bills which she had said she expected Mr. *Williams* to pay?" She answered, "Why, Madam, you are to know, that when your husband took me into keeping, I was but a poor girl, and had but a few cloaths; so as he promised that I should, for the future, never want money, and that I should always go as fine as a Queen, he went with me to several shops, and gave me credit in them, by setting his name, or writing something at the bottom of a blank leaf in their books, to be filled up with the articles I chose to buy."—"Pray, said I, can you guess what the sums amount to, which you say he owes on your account?"

count?" She replied, "I don't know justly, Madam; but, if you desire it, I will enquire, and let you know." I answered carelessly, "No, you need not give yourself that trouble, as it is not in my power to pay them, and I know his father won't; so that I much question whether the people will ever get their money or not, at least as long as the old Gentleman lives." She said, "It was all one to her;" but I saw she did not speak truth, which was what I wanted to know; for I suspected that she and the trades-people understood one another. I told her, "It would be necessary to prove the delivery of the goods, and that she must swear to the having received them, or else, I apprehended, their demands would never be looked upon as just debts; but I leave that to their consciences and your own, said I, for I have nothing to do in the affair." The girl

girl took this occasion of thanking me for the ten guineas I had sent her in her distress, as she said; then, after having wished me health and happiness, she went away. I went into the parlour to my husband, with his note, which I had just discharged, in my hand; I gave it to him, desiring he would burn it. He said to me, "Pray, my Dear, may I be permitted to enquire, how you came by the money you have just now so generously paid for me?" I replied, "Yes, surely, Sir; you have a right to ask the question; and it is both my duty and inclination to answer it:" I then presented the letter to him, in which the bill had been inclosed, saying, at the same time, "I always intended to give it to you, Mr. *Williams*, but waited an occasion, when from your wanting of ready cash, it might have been rendered more acceptable to you; I will, however, confess, that self-interest was, in
some

some measure, the motive for my having thus secreted my riches from you: I had pleased myself with the thoughts of paying off all your workmen at —, by which means I should have procured to myself (in a manner) the satisfaction of making you a present of the house; but things have turned out otherwise; there, Sir, is the remaining four hundred pounds, dispose of it as you shall judge proper; it is your own; and I give you my honour, that I never intended to appropriate one farthing of it to my own use; but I flatter myself, that I have no occasion to use many arguments in order to convince you of the truth of this assertion, as I am persuaded you will readily acquit me of harbouring so mean a thought; the money was of no estimation in my eyes, but as it might be the means of giving you pleasure." Here I paused. He looked at me with seeming

ing admiration, and said, "I was a generous, noble girl, thanked me with ecstasy, and took the money."

Yet, in the midst of this his apparent approbation of my conduct, I could plainly see that he was disappointed in finding I gave so good an account how I came to be so rich. He had asked me, "where I got the money," with an air of confidence, not unmingled with sarcasm, which did not escape my observation; from whence I suspected, that he wished to have found me a little in the wrong, in order to have put us more upon a level. This discovery, from a perversity, I suppose, in my nature, determined me to persist obstinately in being in the right; for which purpose, as far as my youth and inexperience would admit, I weighed every word I spoke, and tenaciously examined every action of my life; so that when I erred, I may with truth
aver,

aver, that it was the fault of my judgment, and never an act of my will.

I now seldom saw either my father or mother-in-law; they looked upon me as an extravagant, unthinking girl, who would be the ruin of their son; they had heard he was arrested, but not at whose suit; so, their minds having already taken that bent, without any farther enquiries into the matter, they set it down as a fact, that I had been the occasion of it. Amidst all these unpleasing events, I leave you to judge what were my feelings, and how my mind must have suffered; and the more so, as I endeavoured to conceal my grief, even from the author of it.

We were now to go into the country for the summer; I therefore waited upon my own family, to take my leave of them; we were upon cold, civil terms only, because they were now
pretty

pretty well acquainted with the character of my husband, from public report, and from thence, I imagine, foresaw that I might possibly be distressed enough hereafter to apply to them for relief. My father, after having remarked that I looked very ill, said, "If your indisposition proceeds from grief, *Charlotte*, you are truly to be pitied, as you have not left yourself a friend who would either relieve, or even compassionate you, after the obstinate, premeditated manner, in which you flew from certain happiness, to the embraces (I am afraid) of indigence and misery." I told him, "That I waited upon him to wish him every blessing in life, and to beg that he would remember me with the affection of a parent to a child, but that I came not to ask either his pity or assistance, as, I thanked God, I wanted neither of them, and that, if I did, I was sensible that I had not deserved

deserved them from him ; but his love I would ask ; and also should try, by every action of my future life, to merit it." He seemed moved by this answer, and said, with some emotion, " God bless you, my poor child ! " My eldest brother was in the room ; I had not seen him of some time, as he had been almost always at school from his infancy ; he kissed me tenderly, and appeared to be delighted at seeing me ; he was two years younger than myself, and, consequently, still a boy ; I thought him a pretty figure, but my mind was, at that time, too much agitated to take much notice of him. My mother took a tender leave of me, and *Sophie* cried ready to break her heart on bidding me adieu ; they were to return into the country the next day.

From my father's I went to my uncle's. My aunt had taken the *ton* of the family, consequently was very reserved ;

served ; but my uncle told me, with an air of great cordiality, that he was very glad to see me ; he said, “ He had heard from his nephew, Sir *Charles*, who desired his respectful compliments to me, and had enquired much after my health, and welfare : What shall I tell him, my dear ? (continued he.) Shall I say you are happy ? Well, I cannot, for you look dreadfully ; but you are breeding, I suppose. Shall I say so ? ” I answered, “ Indeed I am not ; and I beg, Sir, that you would be so obliging as to make my compliments to Sir *Charles Stanly*, and to say, that I am infinitely sensible of his kind enquiries after me.” Here I rose to take my leave, alledging, as an excuse for the short stay I made with them, the multiplicity of visits I had to make. My uncle wished me my health, &c. and my aunt was my most humble servant.

From thence I went to my father-in-law's, where I was received with a smile of affability by the old Gentleman, and with a frown of anger by the old Lady. The former, after having talked of the news of the day, left the room; when my mother-in-law said to me, "You look sadly, Mrs. *Williams*; I am afraid your too great pursuit of pleasure will ruin your constitution, as well as your pocket." "My pursuit after pleasure!" I replied. "Sure, Madam, I mistake your sense of the word: If you mean by it diversions, or dissipation of any sort, I am certain, no one can pursue them less than I do; since, in the space of two years that I have been married, I have not been ten times in public; nor am I fond of company; for which reason I spend most of my time at home: Do me the justice, dear Madam, to believe that I speak the truth." Here the thoughts of the false ideas she had

had conceived of my character, drew a tear from my eye. She said, "How can that be, child? When your husband is already over head and ears in debt, you must be guilty of great extravagancy to make him so." "Alas! Madam," I answered, "indeed I am not." "Nay don't tell me so," said she; "Who made him build, and involve himself in difficulties without end? because you took a fancy to a certain spot of ground, and would have a house on it." I was struck dumb at this charge, which I durst not deny, because I supposed my husband to have been her informer: my silence confirmed her in the belief of my indiscretion, and she went on: "Besides, has he not been arrested for your debts to tradesmen? Fye upon it, can you justify so bad a conduct!" I assured her, on my honour, "That my husband had never paid a debt for me since we were married;

nor did I owe one in the world." She said, "No! why for what? and for whom, then, was he arrested?" I answered, "That, I don't know, Madam, but it was I who paid the money; though I am ignorant for what; the sum was one hundred pounds, but the bill was of a date prior to my marriage with your son." She seemed surprized at what I said, when, laying her hand upon my arm, "For God's sake," says she, "my dear Mrs. *Williams*, don't undeceive his father in this affair; if he knew that *George* had not given him a faithful account of what he owed, I know he would never forgive him; nay, I am persuaded he would disinherit him. I always feared this would be the case, (continued she;) he never could be brought to act openly, and sincerely, with his father." She then asked me, "If that hundred pound was the only debt which he had secreted from

from their knowledge?" I replied, "That I apprehended not, but that I was not positively sure." She again intreated me to take the blame upon myself. I told her, "That, hard as it was to lose the esteem of those, from whom I aspired to merit it, yet I would sacrifice every feeling of my heart, to my duty; and assured her, that she might depend upon my implicit obedience to her commands." "But, (says she) my Dear, you should talk to *George*, and make him sensible of his errors. I know you can do what you will with him. Witness that devilish house, which he built to please you, so much against his own inclination." Here I sighed, and, indeed, I almost lost my patience, to hear myself thus abused, for crimes, the most foreign from my heart. I disliked the situation of the house; the expence it had occasioned, was a continual source of grief to me;

and the many mortifications it had brought on me, all together made it the object of my aversion. The old Lady having thus vented her spleen, and observing that I looked melancholy, humanely changed the discourse, by asking me, "How her grandson did?" I told her, "He was cutting his teeth, and far from well;" she then put a twenty pound bank note into my hands, desiring I would accept of it for her grandson, expressing great concern at hearing he was not well. She then said, "She hoped her son and I would come and spend a month, or two, in the country with her and Mr. *Williams* this summer, and begged I would bring the child with me." I assured her, "That I would wait on her with the greatest pleasure, but that I was not my own mistress. I begged she would mention it to her son." She replied, smiling, "Very well, my
Dear,

Dear, I will ; but I am certain that if you say Yes, he won't say No." Thus we parted. I had had a fatiguing day of it, I fancy you will allow, *Adelaide*, but it was not yet over.

On my return home, I narrated to my husband the conversation which had passed between his mother and me ; at the end of which, " Why did you undeceive her, (said he,) about the hundred pounds? It would have been much better for her to have thought you to blame, than to suffer her to torment me, as she now will do, to know who I owed it to, and for what." I replied, " That I did not think I merited his reproaches upon that head." He immediately reassumed his good nature, and answered, " No more you do, indeed, my Dear, and I acknowledge myself in the wrong ; but I hate that old woman's implacable curiosity. I go and spend two months with them in

the country! I would go to the devil as soon! To dream half the day over dirty cards, and a farthing candle, at penny quadrille, or else say your prayers and hear the old man read homilies, or perhaps a sermon; no, d--n me if I do!" I observed, "That it was sometimes necessary to sacrifice our inclinations to our duty, and that, I apprehended, a refusal of complying with this their obliging invitation, might occasion a quarrel; and that, in that case, the world in general would certainly be on the side of the old people." He replied, "He did not care a pinch of snuff for the world, or its censure." I told him, "He would think otherwise when he was in a better temper, (and, with a smile, added,) you cannot be cross, my Dear, but you are now only negatively good humoured."

The next day we went into the country: I found the house quite finished

finished and elegantly furnished, the ground about it was a little in disorder, but from the arrangement of that was to proceed Mr. *Williams's* amusement during the summer. Here we passed many agreeable hours ; he diverted himself all day with his work-people, and I with my books and child ; in the evenings we met with pleasure, and passed them in mutual good humour and chearfulness. My husband, as I have already observed, did not want understanding, nor was that understanding unimproved, but it was unfortunately misapplied. It was impossible to fix him, even for a moment, on any topic, which was relative either to his conduct or interest ; on all others no body reasoned better, or would listen with more attention, to the arguments of others.

In the enjoyment of this delightful scene of domestic felicity I spent two months, the happiest of my life ; when,
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one morning I received a card, with Sir *William* and Lady *Beauford*, and the Miss *Beaufords* compliments to Mr. *Williams* and myself, and, if we were not engaged, they would wait upon us the next day. The answer was, that we should be glad of their company. Upon enquiry I found they lived but half a mile distant from our house. I had heard their names often, and was acquainted with some of their connections in town, but I had never seen them. I was extremely sorry to find my scheme of retirement thus interrupted, by people I knew nothing of, and who, from their vicinity to us, might, and probably would, prove very troublesome neighbours; however, in this, as well as in most circumstances in life, happiness was to give way to good breeding. The next day, in the afternoon, they came; Sir *William* seemed to be a good natured,
well

well behaved man, his wife an old coquette, who was fighting against nature, in order to appear young and handsome, the former of which she had certainly once been, but the latter never; her eldest daughter (for there were two of them) was a fine tall girl, with a large pair of languishing blue eyes, and a complexion like white satin; her hair was what is generally called red, but I think might, with more propriety, be termed yellow, since it was exactly the colour of an orange; she had large bones, and was full chested; her voice was so soft and low, that it was with difficulty one heard what she said; and, in short, her whole behaviour bespoke the most tender and romantic turn of mind. Her younger sister was quite the reverse of her, both in figure and manners. I found that both the young Ladies played upon the harpsichord, which, as there was luckily one

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in the room, I kept them as constantly to as I could, during the afternoon, in order to supply the want of conversation: My Lady was sufficiently occupied in adjusting her own graces, and in admiring the talents of her daughters. To my inexpressible joy, the evening came at last, and they took their leaves, saying, "They hoped we should be good neighbours." Miss *Beauford* asked me, "If I loved walking?" I told her, "Not much:" "But you do, Mr. *Williams*?" said she to him; he answered, "Yes, it was one of his principal amusements in the country." "I am glad of it, she replied, for I doat upon strolling about the fields; and I can shew you the sweetest solitary woods and lanes about us, that you ever saw. Do, call upon me one morning, says she, and I will carry you to them." Mr. *Williams* bowed his thanks for her obliging offer, and
away

away they went. I had forgot them almost before they drove out of the court-yard, had not my husband called them back to my idea, by saying, "What a fine subject that eldest Miss *Beauford* is, (if a man thought it worth his while) to make a fool of. The girl's head is turned with Novels and Romances, which have so softened her mind, and enervated her understanding, that she would fall into the first man's arms who would open them to receive her."—"It would be a great pity she should, I replied, for she really is a fine girl, and may make some worthy man happy in a wife, when she has lived long enough in the world to judge, from her own observation of men and manners, how fallacious, as well as pernicious, those sentiments are, which she has imbibed from authors, who seem only to write, in order to pervert, and debauch, the youthful mind; whilst,
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under the mask of the most refined, and delicate sentiments, they insinuate the loosest morals." "Hold, my Dear," cried Mr. *Williams*, you are absolutely preaching a sermon upon the occasion; the young fellows of this age, let me tell you, would be extremely sorry that you should put your thoughts into print, since the modern Novel-writers have indisputably been of more service to them, than all the Procureesses in the kingdom ever were." I answered, "That they had nothing to fear from me, but that I wished an abler pen than mine would undertake the task."

My husband used sometimes to ride out on horse-back in a morning. One day, on his return from one of these little excursions, he told me, "That he had called upon Sir *William Beauford*, and that Miss *Beauford* would dine with me the next day." I said, "Did you invite her, my Dear?" He answered,

swered, "Not I, faith; she invited herself." "I am sorry for it, I replied, because my turn of mind is so very unlike her's, that I am afraid she will not spend the day agreeably with me." "O! said he, she loves walking, and running about the garden, so I will take care that she shall not be very troublesome to you."

My poor little boy continued to be very puny; the pain of his teeth brought on a slow fever, which no medicine had hitherto removed: I trembled daily for his life. Mr. *Williams* seemed, by fits, to be much touched at the child's situation. I was now breeding, and, consequently, not very well, and my spirits were much depressed by the sickness of my poor little infant. When Miss *Beauford* arrived, according to appointment, she was shewn up into my dressing-room, where, after the usual compliments, she exclaimed, "What a
I happy

happy woman you are, Mrs. *Williams*, to possess so delightful a retreat as this is, with the amiable partner of your heart ! and, continued she, turning herself about, you have got a library, too, I see ! Good God ! you would lose by exchanging your earthly Paradise for a heavenly one !” I answered, “ That she deceived herself, if she thought that there was any such thing to be found on earth as perfect felicity, and that she would cease to envy me, when she knew what were a mother’s feelings on the approaching loss of her only child.” Just as I spoke, nurse entered the room, with little *George* in her arms, whose pale countenance, and emaciated figure, too well explained the meaning of what I had been saying. She looked at the boy with concern ; and said, “ Indeed, I am very sorry to see Master look so ill.” Mr. *Williams* now joined us, and, with his usual sprightliness, soon dissipated

pated the gloom which the poor child's indisposition had flung over our conversation; he talked agreeable nonsense for some time, and then proposed a walk to the young Lady, who readily accepted the offer; they went together into the garden. I did not see them again till dinner was on the table; when I thought Miss looked a good deal flustered, and her cloaths seemed to shew that she had been at romps. I rallied her on the disorder of her cap, and handkerchief; she said, "Mr. *Williams* was a provoking creature, for he had rolled her upon the grass, and plagued her to death." I answered, smiling, "It is your own fault, Miss *Beauford*; for no man romps with a young Lady unless he is first convinced that she likes it." She drank tea with us, and then walked home; Mr. *Williams* attended her thither.

On his return from conducting her to her father's, I told him, that I thought he should be very cautious how he behaved to Miss *Beauford*; as he had himself observed how susceptible to the tender passions the romantic turn of her mind had made her. I said, it would be cruelty in him to play upon her weakness; and added, "I know too well how irresistible you are, my Dear, when you try to please, not to feel for Miss *Beauford*: I am, however, thoroughly persuaded, that you are incapable of so base a thought as that of dishonouring her; and I hope you are equally so of engaging her young and inexperienced mind into a hopeless, not to say an unjustifiable passion, which must rob her of peace, and be a source of perpetual remorse to yourself." He replied, "My pretty preacher, I would not, intentionally, do an injury to any person living; but when a fine girl

shews

shews me that she chuses to be kissed, I must kiss her."—This was his manner of arguing, upon all subjects which regarded his conduct. I, therefore, changed the conversation, by asking him, "If he had not heard lately from his parents? and when he intended that we should go to their house for a month, or two, according to promise?" He replied, carelessly, "O, yes, I had a letter from my mother a fortnight ago: did not I shew it you? wherein she presses us much to come to her: I answered her a few days ago, assuring her, that we would have waited upon my father and her, with the utmost pleasure, but that you was with child, and that not being very well, I did not think it safe for you to take a journey in your present condition; I added, that *George* was very ill, and that I could not think of leaving you in such a situation." "You are a strange man, my Dear, (I replied)

How unmercifully you load me with your faults : I begin to apprehend that I shall sink under the weight of them ; they have already, I fear entirely robbed me of the esteem of your parents, and will, in the end, indubitably sink me in that of the rest of my friends and acquaintance ; and when all the world forsakes me, will you, George, (said I, pathetically) continue to love me ! You ought, I think, since it is to screen you, that I thus bear a character so foreign, in every respect, to my own." " Will I love you ! (he answered with vivacity, catching me in his arms) yes, I do, I ever must love you : you are the goddess of my idolatry ; but what signifies what those old people think, so they do but die, and leave us their money ; I wonder, my Dear, you can make them of so much importance, as to care a farthing what their opinion of you is." I said, " That I thought it

my duty to respect his parents, and that the meriting their esteem and approbation of my conduct, had been one of the most ardent wishes of my heart; and I must confess, that I relinquished these my pretensions to their friendship, with the most inexpressible reluctance, and regret." "My Dear, (he replied) you don't know the old folks; therefore it is in vain to combat your prejudices;" so saying, he sat himself down to the harpsichord, and began playing of a jig.

A few days after this, my eldest brother came from *Oxford*, to spend a month with us. Mr. *Williams*, under the pretext that I had now got somebody to bear me company, was perpetually from home. I perceived it with the most sensible grief, and had some suspicions that Miss *Beauford* was the thief, who had stole him from me; this thought alarmed both my love and vanity. However, I did my endeavours

to subdue the latter, as well as to moderate the excess of the former: I therefore determined to make no enquiries into the course of his peregrinations, lest by so doing, I should encrease my suspicions; and, in the mean time, I resolved to hope the best. In this state of mind, I, one evening, proposed to my brother, a little ride out in the chariot, which, as it was very fine weather, he readily accepted. As I was getting into the carriage, the footman asked me, "Where I would please to go to?" I told him, "That the coachman might carry us where he would, so he chose a pleasant ride for us; adding, that when we came to an even and shady spot of ground, I would pull the string, and get out and walk a little;" so away we went; but whereto, I knew not, till, coming into a wood, I perceived a very neat small thatched cottage. I admired both the house, and its situation; so pulling

pulling the string, I got out of the chariot, in order to take a nearer view of this pretty rural habitation; I walked slowly on, leaning upon my brother's arm, and moralizing on the charms of industry rewarded by content, and retirement; when all of a sudden, I saw two people turn short, out of a narrow lane, and with their backs to us, enter the cottage I was then taking a survey of. I thought I knew them to be my husband and Miss *Beauford*; when my brother exclaimed, "Look, sister, there is Mr. *Williams*, and the young Lady who so often comes to your house! let us go and surprize them; they won't think of meeting with us here." I recollected myself from the reverie this incident had thrown me into, enough to answer him, "No, my Dear, it is not them; you have forgot that Mr. *Williams* went this morning to *London* about business." He made me no re-

ply, but I plainly saw, he was convinced that his conjectures were right. I then turned back again, and met the chariot, which, as soon as I was seated in, I ordered them to drive to Sir *William Beauford's*. Her Ladyship received me with her usual apologies for being in such a deshabille. I asked, "How Miss *Beauford* did?" not seeing her with her mother. "She is gone to *London*," replied my Lady, to spend the day with her aunt; and she will be vastly sorry, I am sure, not to have been at home, when you honoured us with a call." I said, "That I should certainly have been very glad to have seen her, but that I had been out on an airing, and only just stopped at her Ladyship's door, to ask how they all did, for that I could not stay a moment." So saying, I took my leave, perfectly confirmed in my suspicions, that my husband and Miss *Beauford* were

were the identical persons I had seen go into the farm-house together. My brother and I then returned home: He was thoughtful, and so was I; but I endeavoured to hide my uneasiness from him as much as possible; and said to him, with carelessness, "*Charles*, my Dear, don't tell your brother *Williams* that you thought you saw him in our walk, this afternoon, because I was sure it was not him." He replied, "I will not mention it, I assure you, sister; nor had I any intention of so doing." Between nine and ten my libertine came home, lively, good-humoured, and agreeable, as usual: He asked my brother and I, What we had been doing all day? which we told him; and, in return, he gave us an account how he had spent his time, in running after people he could not meet with; and ended with complaining of the stink and dust of *London*, where, however, I was well
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convinced he had never been that day.

You must remember, my dear *Ade-
laide*, the wise resolution I had taken, of
ceasing to love my husband, upon the
scene which had passed at the Spunging-
house: I must therefore beg you to re-
mark, that I had never once attempted
to put this stoical maxim into practice,
from that time to this I am now speak-
ing of, when the same idea presented
itself to my imagination, as springing
from the same cause, with some aggra-
vations, however, in the circumstances.
I loved my husband with the utmost
tenderness, and could not bear the
loss of his affection. My heart was
torn by those two cruel fiends, Grief and
Jealousy; however, I cautiously con-
cealed them in my own breast, being
perfectly persuaded, that all remonstran-
ces on my part would never stem the
torrent of unruly passion in him, but,
on the contrary, perhaps increase it; as
dif-

difficulties being thrown in the way, have prolonged many an attachment, which would inevitably have died of satiety, had it been left to uninterrupted enjoyment. I found, upon an examination of myself, that I could submit to partake the person of my husband with Miss *Beauford*, but not his heart: My fear of losing that made me exaggerate her merit, whilst it depreciated my own, and drove me almost into a state of despair. I did not remain long, however, in this cruel situation, before the disease itself produced a remedy; for the first time my rival came to see me (after I was confirmed in my conjectures of the irregularity of her conduct) she did not appear to me half so formidable as my disordered imagination had painted her: She was sunk in my esteem, and therefore lessened in my eyes. I felt that superiority which virtue ever has over vice, and I looked down upon my husband,

husband, and her, with pity, not unmixed with contempt: The awkward manner in which they endeavoured to hide their intimacy, by wearing an exterior of affected reserve, made them appear ridiculous to me; the many soft looks which I perceived her steal at him, and the air of insolent negligence with which he replied, gave ease to my heart, since I judged from thence of the nature of his connection with her, and consequently foresaw, that it would not be of a long duration. I was determined to shorten it, by giving them every opportunity they could wish for of being together; and my plan had the desired success. For some time before we returned to town for the winter, my husband was almost always at home, nor did Miss *Beauford* ever come to our house unaccompanied by her mother or sister, and then Mr. *Williams* always contrived to be out of the way.

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A few days before I left the country, Lady *Beauford* and her two daughters came to take leave of me, as they did not intend being in *London* that winter: I was surprized at the alteration I perceived in the eldest girl; she was pale and thin, and wore an air of melancholy and dejection on her countenance, which too plainly indicated the disorder of her mind. I could not help observing to her, that I thought she looked ill; she said, "She apprehended that she was in a confirmed consumption, and that she was very willing to die when it pleased God." Her mother and sister seemed much concerned at her indisposition: I advised them to carry her to the South of *France*; which my Lady said she intended doing early in the spring. Whilst I surveyed the wreck before me of a fine girl in the bloom of youth, I was softened to compassion, and in that moment I forgot all she
had

had made me suffer, and my heart bled for her: She read my sentiments in my eyes, when catching one of my hands, and pressing it affectionately to her breast, she said, in a soft voice, whilst the tear dropped from her eye, "You are too good, too amiable, my dear Mrs. Williams! thus to feel for me, and to pity me."

When they were gone, I observed to Mr. Williams how dreadfully Miss Beauford looked; and added, "how extremely sorry I was to see her so ill." He replied, "She is a foolish girl; and as there are so many of that sort in the world, she will not be missed amongst the croud, if she should die." I was hurt at this answer, as it indicated an obduracy and inhumanity which shocked me; and I said with some quickness, "Fye, my Dear, if I did not believe that your tongue now injures the sentiments of your heart, I should judge
you

you totally divested of all sensibility, and consequently should have a very bad opinion of you; but I added, I am persuaded you do not think as you speak." To this reprimand he made no reply, but changed the discourse.

In a few days we went to *London*. My poor child continued drooping every day, a slow fever consumed his little frame, and in less than a fortnight after our arrival in town, he died on my lap, in a convulsion fit. I was now six months gone with child, when the shock of losing my little *George* flung me into labour. I was brought to bed of a girl, who lived only a few hours, and it was apprehended, by all those who attended me, that I should not long survive her: But it pleased Providence to reserve me for greater misfortunes than any I had yet experienced, in order, I presume, to teach my heart the fallacy and danger of all
earthly

earthly attachments, and to place my affections, and hopes, on him who cannot deceive.

During my illness, which was long, I frequently asked if my father or mother-in-law had sent to enquire after me, and was always answered in the negative; I was surprized at it, and enquired of Mr. *Williams*, if he could guess at the reason of this their apparent neglect of me. He told me, "That, on their arrival in town, they had wrote him a line, requesting to see him, declaring, at the same time, that they would never see me more." He said, "He had waited upon them, concluding that I did not care a farthing whether they were angry or pleased at me." I assured him of the contrary; but he only laughed, and said, "He knew I had a better taste than to like such company; and, as to the rest, it was all answered, by his keeping on
good

good terms with them; that one of us, he observed, must be in the wrong, and, therefore, it was safest for me to be the person, as their thinking him to be so, might be of fatal consequence to us both." I was obliged to submit, to what I could not remedy; it gave me, however, infinite concern, to be the object of detestation to his parents.

I have already remarked, that my husband's income depended upon the will of his father, who had only promised the continuance of it, as long as he should behave well, and be thought deserving of it; and this was the reason why I could never exculpate myself of the many heavy and unjust charges laid against me, for fear, lest by regaining their good opinion, I might lose my bread, and, what was ten thousand times worse, I should have deprived my husband of his.

One day, as I was sitting alone in my dressing-room, ruminating on the severity of my fate, a servant came and told me, "That two ill looking men were below, and asked for his master; that on his telling them that he was not at home, they desired to see me." I bid him shew them into the parlour, and say, that I would be with them in a minute. My heart fluttered, I did not know why; however, I went immediately down stairs. On my entering the room, one of the fellows advanced towards me; "Madam, said he, I have an execution against Mr. *Williams*." The air and manner of the man frightened me; and I answered, trembling, "An execution! pray, Sir, what is that?"—"It is only a power to seize your goods and furniture, he replied, for the use of the creditor, unless you find out some other means of satisfying him."—"And who is the credi-

creditor?" I demanded. "He is a man who keeps a livery-stable," replied the fellow. "Do you know what is the sum for which you have this execution?" said I. "It is something above two hundred pounds," he replied. I then asked, "What was to be done?" He said, "Nothing, Madam; only that we must live in this house till the money is paid; that is all."

I leave you, *Adelaide*, to judge what must have been my situation of mind, at this period of time. I had no more Bank bills to extricate my husband with, nor any friend, to whom I could apply for relief in this emergency. I therefore desired the men to sit down in the parlour, and ordered the servant to tell his master, when he came home, that I desired to speak to him, in my dressing-room, about particular business, and not to mention to him the fellows being in the house. These orders given,

I retired into my own apartment, in a perturbation of mind which would be difficult to describe.

In less than half an hour, Mr. *Williams* entered my room; and, being ignorant of what had passed, appeared with his natural ease and cheerfulness: He started, however, and seemed surprised and concerned, on perceiving the visible marks of uneasiness, which were painted in my face; and, with a tender eagerness, he asked me the cause of it. I replied, by asking him, "If he had not some debts, which he was apprehensive might bring him into difficulties, if not immediately discharged?" He answered, "Yes, he had debts, as who was without? but none that were not easily paid." I then told him, "That, as that was the case, I begged he would go into the parlour, and discharge two men, who had taken possession of the house, on the suit of a fellow

low

low who keeps a livery-stable, for the sum of two hundred pounds, and upwards." He stared at me, and seemed disconcerted a good deal at this piece of intelligence; but recovering himself instantly, he said, "The fellow is a rascal: it is not a week ago, since he promised not to trouble me for the money;" then, walking backwards and forwards in the room, he struck his hand upon his forehead, and stamping with one foot, he exclaimed, "This is d—mn'd unlucky, for I have not a farthing in my pocket, nor shall have, till my father pays me a quarter, which is not due this month yet. That old villain will be the ruin of me, from his diabolical attachment to his money; there will be no such thing as getting a farthing out of him, I know, he is so cursedly covetous." To this soliloquy I made no answer; when, turning to me, he said, "The scoundrels did not

frighten you, my Dear, I hope." I replied, "Not much; but that I begged he would find a means of making them quit the house as soon as possible." "O! yes, yes, that I will do, he answered, with an embarrassed air; but we will dine first, if you please, for I am hungry; and, *apropos*, whilst the footman lays the cloth, I will go and talk to them a little." So saying, he went out of the room.

I could not help lamenting, upon this occasion, the fatal consequences which flow from a modern education; in which œconomy, and a strict sense of probity, in paying the industrious tradesmen, are looked upon as Plebeian virtues, unbecoming a Gentleman to put in practice. From this amazingly absurd, and dangerous prejudice, proceeded all the inextricable difficulties, into which my husband precipitated himself and me; and, in the end, drove him to that last, and dreadful resource,
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the gaming-table, in hopes, there, of procuring the means to support his extravagancy. But to my story.

Mr. *Williams* returned to me, with a serene countenance, saying, "That he had wrote to his father, requesting him to advance the next quarter, upon his receipt; for, (added he) I know the old hunks will lend me the money on no other condition." I remarked, that in that case it would be necessary for us to lessen our expences, for half a year at least, in order to repair the breach which this affair had made in our income. "Indeed, my Dear, I said, I will do every thing on my part for this purpose, as I find myself utterly incapable of sustaining repeated shocks of this nature; for, believe me, I would rather want the necessaries of life, than injure any one, or lay myself open to the insults of such wretches as these myrmidons of the law are." I en-

treated him to pity my sensibility, and carefully to avoid, for the future, the involving me in difficulties, which my ill state of health, and extreme tenderness for him, rendered me unable to support. He kindly promised, that this should be the last affair of the kind I should ever meet with. After dinner, he was called out of the room, when he received the money from his father, on which the debt was paid, and the men sent away.

During the course of this winter, I observed that many odd looking people came frequently to enquire for Mr. *Williams*, and sometimes, when he was at home, he would chide the servant for saying he was so. These circumstances alarmed me; I feared those people came for the payment of their respective bills, and I one day ventured to ask him, if I conjectured right? He made me an evasive answer, which confirmed my suspi-

suspensions. He now began to lose his usual gaiety; he grew tenacious and morose; home displeased him; he could not bear it, unless with company; he seemed to shun my eyes, and carefully avoided being alone with me, as much as was possible; he used to come home long after I was in bed, and, consequently, he rose long after I was up in the morning. When I tenderly enquired into the cause of his ill-humour, and seeming discontent, adding my apprehension, lest I should have been so unfortunate, as, through inadvertency, to have given him offence: He would answer, peevishly, "Pray, Madam, don't tease me. Cannot a man be grave, but he must be out of humour?" Thus silenced, I had no consolation left on earth, but the company of my dear *Sophie*; she used frequently to come and spend the day with me; and, no doubt, she observed that my husband was never

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at home, though she never enquired after him, farther than by asking how he did: This reserve proceeded, I imagined, from my never having communicated to her any part of those griefs which inwardly corroded and preyed upon my breast; I knew she could administer no relief to my disease, why then wound her gentle bosom with the recital of my afflictions? Besides, there was another consideration which tied my tongue; this was, the dread that my relations should become acquainted with the whole of Mr. *Williams's* ill conduct. I was conscious that I had no body to blame but myself, for all my present misfortunes; I therefore determined to bear them in silence, with fortitude, and resignation; the world attributed my dejection of spirits, and love of retirement, to the ill state of my health, which had never been perfectly re-
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established since my last lying-in, and the loss of my little boy.

I now very rarely saw my father; he never came to see me; and when I went to visit him, he received me so coldly, as almost broke my heart. He condemned my conduct, with regard to my husband's parents; who were never tired of publishing, how ill I behaved, in not going to see them in the country; adding, that I even would not let their son see them, but when it was not in my power to hinder him. This, joined to the many instances they gave of my extravagancy, made my father have a very bad opinion of my discretion, and, no doubt, alarmed his fears, of my being returned again upon his hands. I had, as I have already said, no answer to make to these unjust accusations laid to my charge, unless I openly quarreled with my husband; so, by my silence, I tacitly acknowledged myself guilty;
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and, I believe, almost every body thought me so. Thus, unsupported by any thing but self-approbation, and conscious innocence, I struggled at once against disappointed love, rebated tenderness, neglected friendship, with all their train of woes, not to mention a broken fortune, and the want of health.

The summer now advanced, and I hoped to find more ease in retirement, than I could do in the noise and bustle of *London*, where Mr. *Williams* continually crowded his house with people, to whom I was obliged to be civil, though they were, justly, the objects of my detestation; as to their society I chiefly owed the irregular conduct of my husband.

Before I left town, I went to take leave of my uncle *Boldby*; (my aunt was gone to *Scarborough*;) he received me with a look expressive of uncommon tender-

tenderness, which I fancy I owed to his compassion, on looking at my emaciated figure; for, in truth, grief had almost worn me to the bone. Finding him thus softened, by pity, towards me, I took that opportunity of expressing the ardent desire I had, of taking my sister with me into the country, there to spend the summer; but, at the same time, I told him, "That I durst not ask such a favour of my father; and, therefore, ventured to beg, that he would be so kind as to obtain it for me." He very obligingly replied, "That he would use his best endeavours for that purpose;" adding, "I don't think your father will be so cruel, my Dear, as to refuse your request; especially when I tell him, that you look as if you had already one foot in the grave." Here the good Gentleman put his handkerchief to his eyes, in order to hide the falling tear; mine flowed plentifully, in gratitude for his sensibility.

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We parted; and, two days after, *Sophie* wrote me word, that my uncle had prevailed, and that she was ready to accompany me to —, whenever I pleased.

The next week Mr. *Williams* went to *Newmarket*, and from thence he was to go elsewhere. *Sophie* and I went into the country the day he set out, where we spent most part of the summer alone. On Mr. *Williams*'s return home, he behaved extremely politely to me, but without the smallest spark of affection. Let any one, who truly loves, place themselves, in idea, in the predicament I now was, and then let them tell me, if there is a torture on earth equal to despised love. My husband was very seldom at home, though he had lost his fair neighbour, Miss *Beauford*, who was gone, with all the family, into the South of *France*. *Sophie* and I spent the summer between our books and our work ;
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sometimes we took a walk, but not often, as I had hardly strength to stand upon my legs. Thus my time would have past tolerably, had I not cherished a vultur in my breast, worse than the *Promethean* one, which incessantly gnawed my heart, and banished peace from thence.

The winter now approached, and on our usual time of going to town, I asked Mr. *Williams*, "When he intended that we should set out for that place?" He answered, "Are you in a hurry, my Dear, to go to *London*? I thought you preferred the country." I told him, "So I did, and that I had only asked the question in order to prepare for our removal, and not from any desire I had to return to town."—"Well, then, (says he, with a good-natured smile) I will indulge you with six weeks more of the country, and I wish (continued he, in a tenderer accent,) that I could procure
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cure to my *Charlotte* every wish of her heart, as easily as I can do this, and then she should be without a want." I looked at him attentively as he spoke; his air was affectionate; both his words, and the manner in which he uttered them, penetrated my heart with surprise and tenderness. The transition was too sudden for reflection, I therefore gave way to sensation, and, bursting into a flood of tears, I exclaimed, "Cruel man! why do you thus sport with my broken heart?" He took me in his arms, and pressing me to his bosom, wiped off my tears, saying, "Compose yourself, my dearest *Charlotte*; believe me your too great sensibility is the ruin of your constitution." Thus a kind word and look from my husband, levelled to the ground, in one moment, all the fortifications I had been raising, by the help of philosophy, for a year or more, between him and my affections.

affections. I had vainly flattered myself, that the evident indifference he had shewn for my person, together with his total neglect of concealing any part of its effects from me, had, in some measure, abated the ardour of my passion for him: Alas, how had I deceived myself! I now found the full conviction of my own weakness, in experiencing the extent of his power. His behaviour was not only attentive, but kind, during the six weeks destined for our residence in the country; when that time being expired within a day or two, he and I walking alone in the garden, he pressed my hand gently, and looking at me with eyes full of grief, shame, and contrition, he said, "My lovely girl, I have been much to blame in my conduct through life, and especially with regard to you; you deserved *Charlotte*, a much better husband than I have been to you; you are, indeed, the best of

women, and I fear I am the worst of men: You do not know half my faults, (continued he;) but if you really still love me, as I flatter myself you do, you will accept of my repentance, and, from an excess of goodness, perhaps, pardon the past errors of my life. Know, then, (continued he) that you have no longer a house in *London* to which you can possibly go; I lost my money at *Newmarket*, and was obliged to sell the furniture of it to pay my debts of honour, (they, you know, admit of no delay:) This is not all, for I am so much involved, that I must shortly quit this house too, and go over to *France*, or else I shall run a risque of waiting for my father's death in a goal." Here he paused and looked stedfastly at me—I was silent for some moments; astonishment had struck me dumb; but recollecting myself as well as I could, I told him, "That as I had centered all my hopes

hopes of earthly happiness in the possession of his love and friendship, whilst I preserved them, my felicity was out of fortune's reach. That as to my leaving my native country, all places must be rendered agreeable to me so he was but the companion of my travels. I added, with a sigh, that as I brought him no fortune, I had no right to direct him in the disposal of his; I assured him, that he should always find me the chearful companion of his misfortunes, and that I only regretted being the innocent cause of his present difficulties, as he might, probably, have married a woman, whose fortune would have secured him an income independent of his father, and, perhaps, have proved adequate to his wants." Here he interrupted me, by flinging his arms about my neck, and, pressing me with ardor to his bosom, he called me his noble girl, his generous friend, &c.

In short, from this time, his whole behaviour was so sober, tender, and affectionate, that I was frequently tempted to rejoice at our ruin, which had given birth to such an alteration in his sentiments, as well as conduct.

In consequence of the information Mr. *Williams* had given me of the deplorable state of his finances, he, in a short time, brought down a man with him from *London*, who appraised all the furniture, plate, linen, &c. which was in the house, and I fancy they were then sold to him at his own estimation of them; this was done, I presume, to secure the money from his creditors, who might otherwise have seized upon them as part of payment. I was now very busy in packing up, and sending to a friend's house, my own and husband's cloaths, (as we were very soon to set out for *France*,) when one evening, of a day that Mr. *Williams* had gone to town in
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the morning, *Sophie* and I were sitting over the fire, conjecturing various causes for his making it so late before he returned home. However, as the night advanced, I grew excessively uneasy at not seeing him. My sister was endeavouring, by every argument her imagination could invent, to calm my fears, when we heard somebody, ring at the great gate; I started from my chair, and cried out, "There he is, at last!" and out I flew into the courtyard to meet him; but judge of my surprise, when, instead of my husband, I saw Mr. *Smith* get out of his chariot. I must here desire you to remark, that this good man was infinitely disliked by Mr. *Williams*, which, as he took no pains to conceal his sentiments, Mr. *Smith* was no stranger to, for which reason he very seldom came to our house, and when he did, it was always at an hour when he apprehended he should

find me alone, as he frequently declared, that his visits were intended alone to me, for whom he professed to have a sincere regard; judge then of my surprize, to see him at that time of night. I immediately concluded, that some misfortune had befallen my husband; I therefore exclaimed, in a voice of terror, "Good God, Sir, what could have brought you to ——, at eleven o'clock at night! Tell me the truth! Is my husband dead! Don't spare me! I am inured to misfortunes, but suspense is worse than death." Here Mr. *Smith* took hold of me, and supporting my tottering frame, with the help of *Sophie*, conducted me into the parlour, where he seated me and himself, and said, "No, my dear good Lady, your husband is not dead; he is very safe and well, but not at liberty to wait upon you to night; don't frighten yourself, he is in a good room, and has a warm bed

to lay on, which is really, I think, more than he deserves; in short, the case is this: He was arrested by his taylor this morning, who had, I find, got some information of his intending to go abroad; not content with this, the fellow has taken some pains to inform his other creditors of his suspicions, in consequence of which, there are twenty other writs come out against him, and may, by to morrow, be forty more, for any thing I know to the contrary. The young Gentleman, finding himself thus involved, without any means of redemption, sent for me, begging me to go to his father, and see what I could do for him: I did so, but found old Mr. *Williams* very little inclined to release his son; he recapitulated all his former faults, and then flew out into a rage of invectives against you, Madam; nay, he did not hesitate to accuse you, as being the author of all your husband's extravagancies,

vagancies, and swore he would never do any thing more for him, till he parted with that woman, as he called you, saying it was to no purpose, for that the King's revenue would not keep him out of debt, whilst you lived with him. I tried to justify you, Madam, by facts from my own knowledge, but I found his prejudices much stronger than my arguments; mathematical demonstration is no proof to a man in a passion: In short, after a vast deal of intreaties on my part, and abuse on his, he said to me, Well, Mr. *Smith*, I will now tell you my final resolution: Let *George* give his wife an allowance, and be separate from her, and on these conditions I will once more pay his debts. I here represented to him the injustice, not to say iniquity, of such a proposal: I desired him to reflect, how sacred the ties of matrimony were, and said, that by being the cause of separating man and wife,

wife, he would act against the laws of Christianity, as well as those of humanity:—He interrupted me, saying, You know my terms, and you may assure yourself, that I shall never be brought to recede from them. Upon this we parted. Now, Madam, I must inform you, that the consequence of this conversation is, that there is a rascal of a Lawyer, who is ordered to wait upon you to-morrow morning, with a letter from your husband, in which he will request you to feign giving your consent to the drawing up of articles of separation, in order to procure his liberty, and, at the same time, to assure you, that he only means to deceive his father by this stratagem; and, as a proof of his sincerity, he will, no doubt, be lavish in his professions of everlasting love and attachment to you.

“Now, Madam, it is this circumstance which brought me here at this unseasonable

sonable hour, in order to guard you against surprize. I am come to counsel you as a father would do his child, to intreat, (nay, if I am to be allowed the expression,) to insist upon it, that you enter into no such agreement; if you do, be assured that it will be good in law, and you are ruined. Don't let the affection you have for your husband, get the better of the justice you owe to yourself; and suffer not yourself to be intimidated either by his threats or reproaches. I am convinced, from my own observation, both of your disposition and conduct, that you are the very reverse of what you have been represented to be, by some malicious person, to your father-in-law; and, without your telling me so, I can plainly perceive that you have sacrificed yourself, in order to exculpate your husband, in which I admire your generosity, but cannot commend your prudence. And now, my dear young

young Lady, (continued Mr. *Smith*, taking hold of one of my hands,) have courage, their machinations can never hurt you; if you will only resolve to be a friend to yourself, all examination of, or enquiries into, your conduct, can only redound to your honour, and consequently expose themselves; your husband knows this, and therefore will never attempt to procure a separation against your will; you have, therefore, the power in your own hand. Rest assured, that if his father finds there is no possibility of bringing you into a compliance with his terms, he will give him his liberty upon your own."

During this long discourse, I had had time to recover from the surprize into which Mr. *Smith's* arrival had thrown me; but then the subjects of his conversation had kept my spirits in a continual agitation. I, however, assumed strength enough to thank my generous friend,

friend, for his truly paternal care of me. I tried, by every expression I was mistress of, to prove the sense I had of his goodness; but, alas! how inadequate was all I said, to the vivacity of those sentiments of gratitude which glowed in my heart towards my friend and protector! I told Mr. *Smith*, "That I was certain, nothing but the being drove to the greatest distress, could have induced my husband to give his consent to part with me, though it was in appearance only; adding, that I hoped he did not think so ill of Mr. *Williams*, as to suppose him capable of laying a snare for me, in order to deceive me." He answered, "Your opinion, and mine, Madam, of Mr. *Williams*, are very different, therefore I beg to be excused, if I decline answering the question; it is sufficient that you don't put it in his power to deceive you, and is all that is necessary at present."

fent." Mr. *Smith* then observed, that it was late, and begged leave to retire to his chamber, saying, "Good night, my dear young lady; you are like to have a troublesome guest of me; for I shall not leave this house, till I see you extricated out of your present difficulties." I was so struck at the benevolence of this good man, that I could only say, in broken accents, "Good night, and may the Almighty ever bless you, for your goodness to me!"

Sophie, who had been drowned in tears during the whole time of Mr. *Smith's* discourse, now came to me, and, throwing her arms round my neck, sobbed out, "O! my dear, dearest sister, how my heart bleeds for you! Why can't I bear your sorrows?" I kindly thanked her for her sensibility of my misfortunes, but begged her not to enervate me, by her immoderate grief; assuring her, at the same time, that I
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was doubly wounded, by being the subject of her affliction. I then begged her to compose herself; observing, "That I hoped all would end well; and that, should it happen otherwise, I trusted that I should resign myself to the dispensations of Providence, who knew my strength much better than I did, and who was too merciful to suffer the burthen to be too heavy for the back." I observed, "That grief was lessened, by being submitted to with patience and humility, whilst all the opposition brought, too frequently, by self-will, against inevitable misfortune, only served to increase the torment, and, consequently, to tear the constitution to pieces, whilst it rendered us ridiculous in the eyes of our friends, and reprehensible in those of our Maker."

Sophie looked at me with a countenance, in which were strongly marked admiration and pity: These two sentiments,

ments, at least the first of them, proceeded from her being a stranger to misfortune, or its effects. I now wished her a good night, and she went to bed. I flung myself, with my cloaths on, upon mine.—Here, my dear *Adelaide*, I must desire you to supply, what I cannot describe, I mean, the situation of my mind, when I was left alone, to revolve on all that had passed that evening. I now perceived, or thought I did so, that I was inevitably ruined, whether I obeyed my husband, or followed the advice of my friend; in complying with the former, I saw plainly that I should lose him for ever, and, at the same time, dishonour myself; if, on the contrary, I pursued the counsel of the latter, I should, probably, disoblige Mr. *Williams* so far, as to make him withdraw that affection for me, the loss of which had already been so afflicting to me, and on which I set a value,

value, which can only be estimated by those who have loved like me ; then I reflected, that, by refusing to comply with his father's conditions, and his request, I might, perhaps, be the cause of his being immediately thrown into prison. Torn to pieces by this cruel conflict, the day appeared before I had closed my eyes. I arose, and changed my linen, and then went down stairs, where I met Mr. *Smith*, and my sister. I perceived they observed, with concern, that I had passed a cruel night.

Mr. *Smith*, after breakfast, renewed the conversation of the last evening ; he endeavoured, by every argument which friendship and reason could suggest, to prove to me the necessity there was, of my giving a positive denial to every proposal which could be made me, in regard to articles of separation between me and Mr. *Williams* : He remarked, that as I had no marriage settlement, they

they would offer no more than a bare maintenance, which was, in fact, all I could demand; and that by that means I should renounce a fine estate, which must come to the son at the father's death; and that then, if he left me, without shewing a lawful cause why he did so, I had a right to claim a separate maintenance, proportionable to his income, and not to what I brought him; whereas, if I accepted of one now, I could have no farther pretensions or claim on his estate, let it become ever so large hereafter." To this I answered, "That the consideration of money would never balance my choice, in the smallest degree, as to which party I should take; that it was the fear of losing my husband, and perhaps my honour, in the eyes of the world, which were the two great motives that would induce me to deny my consent to signing the articles. I assured Mr. *Smith*, that I set

very little value upon what the world called fortune, since I was convinced, that happiness did not consist in luxury or splendor; that if it was not seated in the mind, it was no where to be found. I said, my wants were few, my desires fewer, and that ambition was a stranger to my breast.”—

Here I was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who told me, that there was a Gentleman desired to speak with me. “That’s the Lawyer (cried Mr. *Smith*;) now, Madam, says he, be yourself; act with resolution and propriety; by which means you will triumph over your enemies, and at the same time, (added he, striking his bosom,) give peace and pleasure to this heart of mine.” I made no reply, but hastened into the next room, where I found a pale-faced, simpering man, whose want of education appeared through all his bows, and affectation
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of extreme politeness : He instantly presented me with a letter from Mr. *Williams*, which was couched in the tenderest terms, declaring, “ the violence he did himself, in proposing an expedient to me, which shocked his affection even to name : He then narrates all the circumstances, which I had already been informed of by Mr. *Smith*, and then proceeds to shew me the necessity there is for my joining in the deceit—He tells me, nay, swears, that he will return me the articles the moment his father has seen them ; and then he purposes setting out immediately for *Calais*, where he hopes I will follow him as quick as possible, there to meet, that we may part no more. He appeals to my knowledge of his passion for me, as a proof of the impossibility there would be of his living without me ; and ends with accusing himself of doing injustice to my sentiments,

ments, in using persuasion, when he ought to be convinced, that I would not hesitate one moment to give him liberty, when, by so doing, I should recall him to my arms, with a heart overflowing with love, and gratitude."

This letter (as you may see) was calculated to seduce me; I saw it was, and therefore it failed of its intended effect. I sat down, after having perused it, and drew some paper near me, which laid upon the table, (we being in Mr. *Williams's* study,) and taking up a pen, I was going to write an answer, when the Lawyer said, "Madam, I beg your pardon, but had you not better sign these papers before you write, as I am really much pressed for time, and have a person to see in this neighbourhood before I leave it; and, therefore, I can call for your letter, on my return from thence, and in the mean time, I will (if you please) dispatch my

Clerk

Clerk to town with these writings immediately ; only do you sign them, Madam, (here he laid them before me, and put a pen into my hand,) for, continued he, poor Mr. *Williams* is very impatient to be at liberty, in order to see you, Madam ; he laments his absence from you, Madam, upon my soul, as if you was his mistress." I cast a look of sovereign contempt on the fellow, and answered, " The affair Mr. *Williams* here proposes to me, is of too much importance to be decided in a moment ; I shall, therefore, consult with my relations upon it, and then give my final answer." Here the man almost stunned me with his volubility, in order to prove the absolute necessity there was of the papers being signed directly ; he expatiated much on the pain my refusal of complying with my husband's request would be to him.—I interrupted him, by saying, coldly, " Sir,

Mr. *Williams* has an advocate in my breast, which pleads his cause with more eloquence than you could do, tho' you had the tongue of a *Cicero*; but my honour is concerned in this case, and consequently his also; therefore I shall be advised by my friends, before I act in an affair of such high importance as this is, both to himself and me."

"Is this your determination, Madam?"

(said the Lawyer, with an air of discontent.) I answered, "Yes, Sir, it is!"—"If that is the case, (he replied, turning short upon his heel) I have nothing more to do here." I begged he would call again for my letter, (as he had himself proposed doing;) but he shuffled, and said, "It was fit Mr. *Williams* should know my answer directly; adding, that I might send a servant with the letter to town;" so saying, he took his leave, and I returned to Mr. *Smith* and my sister. The former, on seeing me,

me, said, " Well, Madam, by my not being called upon, and your short stay with the Lawyer, I venture to presume that you have followed my counsel." I answered, " that I had ; and then narrated to him all the conversation which passed between me and the Lawyer ; adding, but Mr. *Smith*, my heart heaves with sorrow, when I think how I have vexed and disappointed poor Mr. *Williams*, by my non-compliance with his request ; indeed, said I, my worthy *Mentor*, I do not think I shall ever muster up fortitude enough to resist his anger, much less to suffer him to be dragged to prison : No, no, Sir, (continued I,) I have gone to the utmost extent of my courage ; one word of complaint from him, will inevitably undo me ; for, dear as he is to me, I had rather lose him for ever, than forfeit his esteem for one moment. I then entreated Mr. *Smith* to go to my husband,

band, and try, if possible, to soften my disobedience to his commands, by exposing the reasons which induced to it, I begged him to inform me, what had been the consequence of my refusing to sign the articles? and, in order to engage him the more readily to comply with this my request, I promised him, upon my word of honour, not to act, directly, or indirectly, in the affair, till I should see him again. This convention being agreed upon on his part, the good man ordered his chariot directly, and soon after set off for *London*, promising to return as soon as possible.

I now thought it would be proper to answer my husband's letter, which I began, by telling him, "That I could see no use in his *pretending* to part with me; for, unless he did *so in reality*, it would be an eternal source of contention between him, and his father: I told him, that his insincerity had been the cause
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of most, (if not all,) the quarrels he had had with his parents; I said, it was the laying of a great Philosopher, 'That deceit might sometimes be convenient, but could never be a necessity, since its becoming so, would make Providence the Author of it.' I assured him, that I could live with him in a jail, without a murmur, or that I would beg, or starve with him; but that I could never bring my hand to resign him, whilst my heart told me, that I could not survive his loss. I then hinted, that he had been the cause of his parents daring to make such odious propositions, by suffering me to be traduced in their opinions, whilst he knew how far I was from meriting the humiliating scene he had now brought upon me; I represented to him, how easy it would be for me to exculpate myself of all the crimes laid to my charge, and begged of him not to force me to do it,
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by insisting on my compliance with his request; I added, that if I was to be abandoned, I would, at least, have the satisfaction of proving my innocence; I and, by that means, I should, perhaps, draw pity even from those, who now machinated my ruin: I ended, with assurances, in all other respects, of my obedience to his commands."

Before I had dispatched the servant with this letter, I received another from my husband; which, as it was written in a stile of reproach, threats, and ill-humour, I did not think proper to answer, especially as Mr. *Smith* was not with me: I therefore bid the servant go immediately to town with my letter without taking any notice of that which I had that moment received.

All that day, and the greatest part of the next, I heard nothing from *London*; during which time, my spirits were in
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a continual agitation, my imagination formed a thousand monsters, which my reason was insufficient to combat with. I really think, suspense is the painfullest sensation of the human breast; at least, I know I have always found it so. I tried to read, but could not; my doubts and fears distracted me, and at that moment I would have preferred the certainty of the greatest misfortune which could have befallen me, in preference to that state of incertitude my mind then laboured under. On the evening of the second day, a space of time which to me had appeared an eternity, Mr. *Smith* arrived, and, with a smiling countenance, said to me, "My good child, I give you joy; your husband is at liberty! We have had a sad piece of work of it (continued he) to bring the old man to any reasonable terms, but, however, at last, on condition that his son would give him a
bond

bond for the money, he agreed to pay all the debts which should appear against him. These have, upon being called in, proved pretty considerable, I assure you. Upon looking over these papers, I took occasion to remark to the old Gentleman, that, amongst all his son's debts, there was not to be found one article of your contracting. To which he answered abruptly, No, I see there is not; but if his wife spends all her husband's ready money, how should he find any to defray his necessary expences, or to pay his trades people? To this I made no reply, Madam, as I had your orders not to justify you to him."—Here I interrupted the good old man, by asking him, in a faltering voice, When I should see Mr. *Williams*? "Not to day, Madam, he replied, nor perhaps to-morrow, for he has a good deal of business upon his hands at present; he must first execute the

the bond I mentioned to you, and then satisfy his creditors; he is now only at liberty upon his father's having bailed him, together with myself." Mr. Smith went on: "I found your husband (says he) violently piqued at the report the Lawyer had made, of your answer to the proposal he sent you; on seeing me, he began to complain of your ingratitude in the bitterest terms, and then inveighed, with great eloquence, against the perfidy of all your sex. When he had pretty well vented his spleen, I begged to be heard in my turn; he was silent, when I represented to him, that you had acted entirely by my advice; at which he seemed surprised. I then endeavoured to shew him, how ungenerously he had treated you, and how unlike a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour it was, to take advantage of your love and tenderness for him, in order to make you subscribe to your own

undoings;

undoing; he looked rather out of countenance, I thought, when I was going on, but a servant entered with your letter: He read it with some emotion, and then said, I have been prodigiously deceived in my wife's character, *Mr. Smith*; I always thought she had more tenderness than fortitude in her disposition; but now I find, that, when roused, she can be both steady and resolute. Here he paused for a moment, and then said, Well, I don't absolutely blame her for following your advice; and I must look out for some other means of extricating myself, that's all. I told him, that I was going to his father; he said, if so, the Lawyer should meet me there with your letter. He begged I would plead for him. I answered, that I would for you, which was pretty much the same thing, with this difference only, that your sufferings, on his confinement, were infinitely greater

greater than his. He smiled, we parted, and I went to the old Gentleman; you know the rest, Madam, only this, that your husband sent me a card, requesting me to inform you, that he would see you as soon as it was in his power, tho' he could not fix the time, as it depended a good deal on his father, who was seldom in a hurry to pay his money."

I easily discovered, from Mr. Smith's account of my husband's behaviour, that he was interiorly angry with me, but that he had suppressed his resentment, in consideration of that Gentleman's having declared himself to have been the director of my conduct in the whole affair; perhaps, too, the menaces contained in my letter, might, in some measure, have tied his tongue, for at that juncture, had I undeceived his father, it is probable he would not have assisted him, and in that case, he would have found himself in a dreadful dilemma.

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I communicated my thoughts to my friend; he agreed with me in my opinion, and added, "Your husband's character is, my dear child, as the *French* say, so *inconsequent*, that there is nothing to be dreaded from his resentment, nor indeed any thing to be relied upon, thro' the whole tenor of his conduct; he is determined to action, by the impulse of the present moment; nor has he, that I can observe, one fixed principle; he has, indeed, adopted some absurd prejudices, to which he obstinately adheres, because they flatter his passions; but, unfortunately, probity is a virtue he is unacquainted with. Excuse me, dear Madam, (continued Mr. *Smith*,) if I speak thus freely on so tender a subject, as this I know is to you, but I would prepare you for a stroke, which I foresee will fall on you: Mr. *Williams's* character and your's are totally different, said the good man; vice may, and must,

must, admire virtue, but never can either love or associate long with it; virtue is a glass, in which it sees its own deformity, and therefore will ever avoid it as much as possible. Mr. *Williams* don't want sense, (continued Mr. *Smith*) and tho' you never seem to see his faults, be assured, that he is not the dupe; he knows they cannot be unobserved by you, and your generous forgiveness of them, in spite of his vanity, lessens him in his own eyes; thus, from a strange perversity in his nature, those virtues in you, which ought to endear you to him, have diametrically a contrary effect; and, as Dean *Swift* says,

"Your altitude offends the eyes

"Of those who want the power to rise."

In short, (continued Mr. *Smith*,) in contradiction to all general rules, a conduct which would, in all human probability, have reformed any other man, has con-

tributed only to confirm him in his errors, and to make him pursue, with more avidity, what he calls pleasure, and which, in my opinion, would be better named debauchery: Go on, however, Madam, (said my good friend,) continue to make truth and virtue your guides, and let fortune do her worst; she can rob us of every thing but the self-approved hour, and that alone will be sufficient to raise us above her frowns, and is, in truth, of infinitely more value, than all the favours which she has in her power to bestow. You have virtue, and a friend, Madam, (continued the good man, smiling;) go, consult the Philosophers you are so fond of, and see if their most sanguine wishes ever aspired to the possession of more." I looked at Mr. Smith, when he had ceased to speak, with admiration; my heart avowed the truths he had uttered; I thanked him sincerely for his kind admoni-

monition, and then endeavoured to make him think less injuriously of my husband, but I found him inflexible on that head. The rest of the evening was spent in moralizing on the evils of life, when we both agreed with *La Bruyere*, * "*Que la plupart des hommes employent la premiere partie de leur vie à rendre l'autre miserable.*"

The next morning Mr. Smith returned to *London*, after having enjoined me to call upon him in any difficulty that might occur, either in my own, or husband's affairs; for, said he, "My dear child, I beg you would rest assured, that both my counsel and fortune are at your command; so I beg you would ask for the former, and dispose of the latter, whenever you may have occasion for either of them." I thanked him with

* Which may be thus translated, viz. That the greatest part of mankind make it the business of their youth to lay up misery for their age.

the most lively sense of his generosity, and friendship, and then bid him adieu.

A few days after Mr. *Smith's* departure, Mr. *Williams* came home; he met me with an air of great good breeding, and said the civilest things, upon his having occasioned me so much uneasiness; but, alas! his face spoke truth, and I could read there, that his heart disavowed the language of his tongue. He asked me, when I had seen that old meddling fool *Smith*? I said, I thought myself infinitely obliged to that Gentleman, and that I had seen him a few days ago. “Not perhaps so much as you suppose, Madam, he replied; for, however specious his arguments may have appeared to you, he was most certainly not your friend, in counselling you to refuse the proposition I made you; for, had he not interferred in what did not concern him, I should not have been forced to give a bond to my father for the money
he

he lent me, and which now, if I should die, he will indubitably come upon my effects for, and by that means strip you to your shift : No, no, continued he, believe me, my Dear, when I assure you, that, under the pretence of being your friend, he was the agent of your enemy."

I could not bear to hear my protector's character thus cruelly aspersed, which made me answer Mr. *Williams* with some warmth, "That, how far Mr. *Smith's* judgment might have erred in the affair, I should not pretend to decide, but that I was perfectly convinced, that the advice he gave me was sincere, and such as he would have given to his own child, in the same situation ; for indeed, my Dear, continued I, I look upon Mr. *Smith* to be a truly honest man, endued with a good understanding, and the most benevolent heart ; possessed of these virtues, I think he is an honour to humanity." "He is as

romantic in his notions as yourself, (interrupted Mr. *Williams*,) and therefore I don't wonder that you are so fond of him." Here the discourse dropped, as I did not care to enter into a disquisition of what those notions were, which he called romantic.

The next day my husband said to me, with a sprightly air, "Well, *Charlotte*, are you ready to go to *France*? for I am tired of this stupid country!" I answered, with truth, "That I was ready to accompany him wherever he pleased, at the same time repeating my assurances, that I should be happy in whatever place he carried me to, so long as I enjoyed his friendship and society." He bowed, saying, I was infinitely obliging; he then told me, "That he would, if I chose it, take a lodging in town for a fortnight, that I might have an opportunity of taking leave of my friends, and of packing up my things

things at my leisure; for, (says he, with a half smile,) I don't think you will see *England* soon again, *Charlotte*." I replied, "That I was entirely at his disposal, and should always be content, so I was but with him, and saw him happy." Soon after this we went to town. My father and mother were not to be in *London* that winter; so, not being able to see them, I wrote to bid them adieu: They answered me, wishing us our health, and a good journey, and desiring that I would leave *Sophie* at my uncle *Boldby's*; which, in obedience to their commands, I did. A day or two before we left *England*, my sister begged I would suffer her to go to her uncle's, saying, "That the continual preparations, which she saw before her eyes for my departure, were too much for her spirits." In compliance with her request, I carried her to Mr. *Boldby's*, where she then insisted upon taking leave of me;

our parting was accompanied by floods of tears on both sides. In her I lost an affectionate sister, and a tender friend; nay, indeed, the principal consolation of my life. On her part, as she had been present at many scenes which had alarmed her tenderness for me, she now dreaded my being separated from all my friends, and left totally in the power of a man, whom she had conceived a very bad opinion of; she, therefore, in a transport of grief, recommended me to the care of the Almighty, and then flinging her arms round my neck, almost drowned me with her tears: I pressed her to my bosom with unutterable fondness. My uncle and aunt were present at this affecting scene, and both of them seemed moved at our reciprocal tenderness and love of each other; nay, even my aunt's eyes watered. She took leave of me, with a softness in her manner towards me, which I had never perceived

ceived her to have since my marriage. My uncle took me in his arms, saying, "Adieu, my dear girl! if you should want a friend, whilst abroad, remember me, and be sure let us hear often from you." I could not answer him, so hastened out of the room, almost suffocated with too much sensibility.

I ordered the chariot to drive to Mr. Smith's; I found him at home. On my entrance, he perceived that my heart was full, and my eyes red: I told him from whence I came; this worthy man said every thing that friendship and good sense could dictate, both for my instruction and consolation; after which, he told me, that he had now two favours to ask of me, and which he begged I would not refuse him. I answered him, whilst pleasure sparkled in my eyes, "Ah, Sir, can I be so happy as to have it in my power to oblige you?" "Yes, Madam, (he replied,) and essentially

too; but first you must give me your honour, to grant my requests, before I tell you what they are." "These conditions would be hard," Sir, I replied, "from any body but yourself, whose character is so well known to me, that I am sure you would not engage me to do any thing which I ought to refuse; I therefore do most readily promise to obey your commands, be they what they will." "Why then, Madam, (said Mr. *Smith*,) the first is, that, on no pretext whatsoever, you go into the interior of a convent during the life of your husband; because if you do, I am well as convinced that you will never come out again: The second is, that you will make me your banker. You are going, my Dear, (said this worthy man,) into a country, where you have neither friends nor connexions of any sort, with a husband who will inevitably run into debt, in every town he goes through;

you

you may, and probably will, find yourself sometimes without either money or credit, (I don't mean, however, to support Mr. *Williams's* extravagancies,) but I cannot bear the thought, that you, my dear, good young Lady, should be brought into any distress: I am an old man, Madam, who has neither child, nor relation, but you, who are so worthily the child of my adoption; therefore, Madam, you will only make use of what is already your own, by drawing upon me." Here I interrupted this wonderful man, being unable to bear any longer the violence of those sensations which his discourse had raised in me; I flung myself on my knees beside him; in a rapture of gratitude, I kissed his hand, called him father, and, in short, stammered out a set of incoherent words, which expressed my sensibility of his truly parental care of me, more pathetically, perhaps, than the most studied

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piece

piece of eloquence could have done. The good man raised me from the ground, dropped a tear, and then begged leave to hand me to my chariot, saying, "Your feelings Madam, are too fine for scenes like those which have just passed between us, and I own, that the being obliged to part with you, is almost too much for my age; but, I flatter myself, (continued he,) that I shall frequently hear from you." I pressed his hand, as an assurance that he should, and in silent sorrow bid him adieu with my eyes; words were not made to express sensations like those I then felt.

On my return home, I found my husband in high spirits and good humour; change of scene, and variety in all its modes, was one of his darling passions; he perceiv'd that I had been crying, when he rallied me agreeably upon my weakness, as he called it. I did not attempt to justify myself, but promised that I
would

would grow chearful again as fast as I could. A servant now came to acquaint him, that his taylor was below; he turned to me, and said, "Will, you give him leave, my Dear, to try my cloaths on here?" I bowed assent, and up came the man, followed by another, both loaded with bundles; they tried him on four suits of cloaths, all of them either embroidered, or richly laced, besides a frock and laced waistcoat. He then asked me, "How I liked his taste?" I answered, "That I thought them both rich and elegant." When the man was gone, I said to him, "I am surprized, my Dear, that you should make up so many cloaths in *England*, when you are going into a country where you may buy them much cheaper, and have them made in the *French* fashion; besides, I apprehend, that you will not be able to wear those which are made here, with any propriety, in *France*."

France." "O, I beg your pardon for that, (says he,) I shall wear them there, I assure you! besides, I am now following your favourite plan of oeconomy, (continued he,) as I don't intend paying for these cloaths, (at least till my father is dead,) and therefore, you know, it is so much gained; and, *apropos*, I would advise you, my Dear, added he, to follow my example, by taking up what you want, before we go; we run no risque of being stopped, as I have published, that I don't intend going this month yet, tho' I purpose setting off on *Tuesday* next, about midnight; so, before any body can mistrust our flight, we shall be on the other side of the water."

I was so astonished at this harangue, that it had deprived me almost of the power of speech, nor do I believe I should have articulated, of some time at least, if Mr. *Williams* had not roused me,

me, by saying, in a pretty loud tone of voice, "Well, my Dear, what do you think of my plan?" "It is so new to me, Sir, and so foreign from my ideas of the rules of rectitude, (I replied,) that I really am afraid to give my opinion of it; but you, my Dear, are the master of your own actions, and therefore the proper judge of them; for my part, (I continued,) your scheme being intirely incompatible with my sense of honour and probity, I must beg leave, in this instance, not to take you for a precedent." At this he looked out of humour, and said, "That my stoical virtue, I should find, would neither feed nor cloath me." I replied, "Perhaps not; but then it would teach me to bear, with fortitude and resignation, the want of both;" and so saying, I went out of the room, in order to put an end to the conversation.

On

On the *Tuesday* following, at midnight, we sat out for *Dover* in two different post-chaises, for the conveniency of carrying our baggage, as Mr. *Williams* told me, upon my observing that one would have been sufficient for us both. We took no *English* servants with us, as we had been assured by many people, who had travelled with them, that they were of no use in a foreign country, but, on the contrary, generally extremely troublesome; this I found so just an observation, that in the course of many years residence abroad, I never saw an exception to it. We found, on our arrival at *Dover*, a vessel ready to sail, and in four hours from our going on board of her, were safely landed at *Calais*, from which place we sat out almost immediately on our road to *Paris*. The journey, the change of air, and the novelty of every thing I saw, all together contributed to give me spirits,
of

of which I had naturally a great share, but they had for a long time been weighed down, by the iron hand of misfortune.

I don't know whether there is not something in the air of your country, my dear *Adelaide*, which inspires one with gaiety ; but certain it is, that I was never chearfuller, nor in better health, than at the period I am now writing of. My husband, who was well acquainted with the country, appeared to be delighted at seeing it again ; he was all attention and good humour on the road. He shewed me *Chantilly*, and whatever else was worthy observation on our way ; and when we arrived at *Paris*, said he would just let me see every thing that was curious in that famous city, and then proceed to the South of *France*, where he purposed settling. I had no will of my own, and knowing no part of the country I was going to, all places

were equal to me. I shall not tire you, my dear girl, with a description of a town in which you was born, and bred, nor tell you the raptures I was in at the Paintings, &c. which I saw at the Palais Royal, &c. You know, I feel the Arts, tho' I am mistress of none of them : We have lived together at *Paris*, and you cannot have forgot my enthusiasm for painting and sculpture ; your plays, too, delighted me, and I was both astonished and charmed, at the amazing superiority of your Actresses to ours. I had letters of recommendation to Lady S. thro' whose means, I was introduced into good company ; I therefore saw *Versailles*, &c. with propriety and ease, and spent my time very agreeably.

Mr. *Williams* was, apparently, the happiest man I ever saw ; pleasure so intirely occupied his every moment, that he had not time to think. We seldom met, but in the evening, at our hotel ;
when,

when, after I had related the adventures of the preceding day, the several times had launched out into raptures, on the agreeable manner in which he had spent his time, at a house he frequented, in the *Bois de Boulogne*. At last, I ventured to ask him the name of the family which he visited there. He smiled, and said, "The Lady's name was *Paris*, who owned the house, but that the young Ladies who boarded with her, were, he believed, no way related to her; (adding) they are divine creatures! Such figures! such talents! and such vivacity! In short, my Dear, they are Angels." I looked grave, and said, "Mr. *Williams*, if the house you seem so enraptured with, be a bad one, you ought to have had delicacy enough to have spared my sensibility the knowledge of it." He replied, "Upon my soul, my Dear, I assure you, nothing passes there, the least

tending to indecency; it is a house, where most of the men of fashion sup, for a guinea a-piece, merely for the pleasure of conversing with the girls, and hearing them play upon some instrument, and that's all, upon my honour." I said, I hoped he spoke the truth, but observed, at the same time, "That it appeared to me rather incredible, that virtuous girls should board at a house of public reception, where they were exposed to the conversation of every man, who thought it worth his while to pay a guinea for the pleasure of their company." But as I had a mind to finish the discourse, I ended it, by saying, "That I was totally a stranger to the manner of the country I was now in, and that therefore, perhaps, what would be regarded as a great impropriety in *England*, might not be any here." To which observation Mr. *Williams* whistled out, "Aye, to be sure;" then
com-

complained he was sleepy, and so went to bed.

We had now stayed six weeks at *Paris*, when my husband proposed our setting out for *Lyons*, which accordingly we did, in a few days, in a berlin and six, in which were Mr. *Williams*, myself, and my maid. Our journey was agreeable, the roads good, and the weather remarkably fine. When we arrived at *Lyons*, Mr. *Williams* appeared mightily pleased with the place, and, on a few days acquaintance with some of its inhabitants, declared himself determined to fix in it—He changed his mind, however, not long after.—I had procured letters from several of my acquaintance at *Paris*, to theirs at *Lyons*, so that I very soon entered into an agreeable female society, amongst which were an old Lady, whose name I have forgot, and her neice, Mademoiselle *De la G.* a very sensible, clever girl; and who,

as her aunt was immensely rich, and had no near relation but her, was supposed to be a very great fortune.

This aunt of her's was in an ill state of health, and very infirm; she had been advised by the Physicians to try what her native air would do for her, for which reason she had left *Paris*, and came to spend some time at *Lyons*, where she was born. I was informed, whilst I was at *Paris*, that the Marquis *De P.* had made his addresses to the young Lady, but without success, as the old one, not approving his character, had declared, "That if her niece married him, she would not give her a farthing, neither in her life-time, nor at her decease." At that time I had never seen the Marquis, but had frequently heard him spoken of, as being a very handsome, lively, agreeable libertine; he was of distinguished birth, to which his fortune was no way answerable, being but very small.

One

One day, when I was at dinner with Mademoiselle *De la G.* and her aunt, at their house, I could not help remarking the servant who stood behind the young Lady's chair, who was seated directly opposite to me; he was a fine figure, and had an air of ease and gentility which I thought did not correspond with his livery; I even imagined, that I perceived him look at his mistress with an air of intelligence and familiarity, very inconsistent with the character he was in. The old Lady, tho' not very clear sighted, took notice of the attentive manner in which I had surveyed this footman; and, when the cloth was removed, she said to me, "Don't you think, Mrs. *Williams*, that the fellow you seemed to observe so much, is a very unfit servant for a young Lady to have about her? He has (continued she) an audacious, impudent look; besides, he is good for nothing, and does no one thing,

thing, that I know of, but study his glass, and adorn his pretty person; I cannot imagine what my niece keeps him for, unless it be to look at." Here the old Lady ceased; and I answered, "That I thought he was by much the genteelst servant I had ever seen; (adding,) that if he had not worn a livery, I should have taken him for a man of fashion." Mademoiselle *Dela G.* said, "She did not think the fellow either so bad as her aunt had represented him, nor could she agree with me, in thinking him so very genteel a figure; that he was well enough; and tho' she had no sort of attachment to him, yet she could not bring herself to turn him away, till she found him in a fault." Here the conversation dropped, and I thought no more of it, till one day Mr. *Williams* told me, whilst we were at dinner, "That that morning there had been a great riot at the tennis court, about

Mademoiselle *De la G.*'s footman, who, (says Mr. *Williams*;) it seems, plays remarkably well at tennis. He was this morning amusing himself at that exercise, when some Gentlemen came in to play a match, upon which one of them bid him leave the place, and asked him, "How he dared to be so impertinent, as to intrude himself into Gentlemens company?" To which the fellow made an insolent reply; upon which the Gentleman ordered the master of the tennis-court to turn him out: This exasperated the man so much, that he gave the Gentleman a blow with the racket which he held in his hand. Instantly, all the Gentlemen present resented the affront done to a member of their society, and were going to cane the fellow; when five or six stout servants in livery rushed into the room, and rescued their comrade, as we then thought him; but it is since whispered, that they only did their duty,

in

in defending their master; however this may be, it is certain, that the man went immediately to the Governor, who, in a short time after, sent for the Gentlemen that supposed themselves to have been insulted; when, having closeted them separately, he dismissed them, and the affair is hushed up. Some body present at the scuffle, took notice of the livery the fellows had on, who rescued *Made-maiselle De la G.*'s footman, and asked them, in my hearing, If their master, the Marquis *De P.* was at *Lyons*? To which question they returned no answer. Now I cannot help thinking, continued *Mr. Williams,*) but that it was the Marquis himself in disguise, who made all this bustle; for when he gave the Merchant the blow, he looked at him with such an air of superiority and contempt, as was observed by all the company; and on being bid, in a peremptory tone, to leave the room, I saw him clap his hand

hand on his left side, as if he meant to draw his sword. It is certainly he, (said my husband,) and he has metamorphosed himself thus, to be nearer his mistress." Mr. *Williams* conjectured right, as appeared in about a month after this affair happen'd, when *Mademoiselle Dela G.*'s aunt died, and immediately the Marquis assumed his title and equipage, declaring himself openly the lover of that young Lady, who was now in possession of all her aunt's fortune, which she gave, together with herself, in a short time, to the Marquis, who knew as well how to spend the money as any man in *France*.

From the time of his flinging off his livery, he was frequently at our house; my husband and he were extremely fond of one another's company, from an analogy in their characters. One day, when I was rallying him upon his knight errantry in pursuit of his mistress, he said, smiling, " You don't know half my adven-

adventures. I don't love (says he) to boast of the favours received from the Fair, but, however, I will relate one to you, which my wife knows to be true: Heraunt's cookmaid was extremely ugly, and far from young; she, however, fell in love with me, and, in order to give me essential proofs of her affection, used to cram my pockets with cold meat, and whatever else she could steal from the pantry: Which favours (said he,) I durst not refuse, for fear she should either take it ill, or suspect my disguise; for, as I was at board wages, she thought she did me a great kindness, by thus cheating her mistress. One day she said to me, taking me tenderly by the hand, "*Louis*, I have a great friendship for you: I am worth money, *Louis*, and if you can like me, I will marry you, tho' you have not a groat." I thanked her a thousand times for the honour she intended me, but at the same time

time lamented, that I had made a vow to *St. Anthony*, never to marry, when I lay ill of a violent fever, and my life was despaired of: she shook her head and said, "It was a rash vow, and a great pity, that I should have made it." Finding herself thus disappointed in her hopes of marrying me, she turned her thoughts another way; for which purpose, one night, when I was almost asleep, she crept softly to my bed-side; I perceived, by the light she held in her hand, that it was she, and I honestly own I was frightened at the sight of her. I leave you to judge, *Williams*, (said the Marquis, addressing himself to my husband) how execrably ugly she must have been, to have found me cruel, at such an hour and in such circumstances; I was so, however, by assuring her, with as much seeming concern as I could possibly fling into my countenance, that I was very sensible of the favour she intended

tended me, but that I was too generous to deceive her, and therefore thought I ought, in honour, to acquaint her, that I was at present in so bad a state of health, as to force me to decline the happiness which she so obligingly offered me. This cold compliment had its effect, for she left me, without answering one word; however, I could easily perceive that she never forgave me; and, if the old Lady had lived much longer, I make no doubt, (continued the Marquis,) that she would have contrived to have had me turned out of the house; but fortunately things turned out better than I expected, and our aunt good-naturedly went off in time."

The Marchioness told us, "That she had done all in her power to prevent the Marquis following her to *Lyons*, in a disguise so unworthy of his rank; but all remonstrances were vain, (said she,) he persisted in being my footman, and,
by

by that means, kept me in continual terrors, lest my aunt should discover the deceit, which she must inevitably have done, had her senses been the least quicker than they were; but fortunately for us, she was very deaf, and almost blind, which prevented her from observing any of the monkey-tricks he used to play me, such as pinching my fingers very often, when he gave me a plate, or a glass of wine, so hard, that I have several times been ready to scream out; and when any Gentleman dined with us, of my aunt's acquaintance, if he thought they had any pretensions upon me, he never failed playing them some unlucky trick or other. In short, (said the Marchioness,) I lived in a continual dread of his being found out; and on hearing of the scuffle which happened at the tennis-court, I took it for granted, that the whole affair would be laid before the publick, and that I should lose
both

both my fortune and reputation, by his indiscretion."

If I have tired you, my dear *Adelaide*, with the length of this anecdote, it is because I found it in my journal; when recollecting, that you was acquainted with the Marquis and Marchioness *De P.* I thought you might probably like to hear this part of their juvenile adventures; if not, you may pass it over, and go on to my story.

Mr. *Williams* now began to grow tired of staying so long in the same place, and therefore determined to go to *Aix*; accordingly I took leave of *Lyons*, and its inhabitants, three months after we had entered it, but not without regret, I assure you; for I had formed a very agreeable society in that town, from whom I had received the utmost kindness and civility: Nay, I had even contracted a sort of friendship with

with one or two of them; so that I was really sorry to leave the place. We left it, however, and arrived, without any accident, at *Aix*. On approaching it, I perceived, that Mr. *Williams* seemed to dislike its situation; from which I concluded, that we should not reside long in it. On our arrival, we were informed, that the town was full of *English*, all of whom sent us a compliment the next day, and, amongst the rest, Sir *Charles Stanly*. I was not more surprized, than vexed, at finding him so near me; for, from a vanity, inherent, I believe, in human nature, I was ashamed, and hurt, when I considered the striking contrast there was in the characters of Sir *Charles*, and Mr. *Williams*; which contrast I could not, as I apprehended, pass unobserved, either by Sir *Charles* himself, or any of the *English*, who were there at the time; the conse-

quence of which would be, that I should stand universally condemned, for the injudicious choice I had made of a husband. This humiliating reflection mortified my vanity; and, for that reason, (with shame I confess it,) gave me as much pain, as I had, perhaps, ever experienced on much more important occasions; such is the force of self-love.

Mr. *Williams* had, as you will easily imagine, from the time we entered *France*, given into all the licentiousness of that gay country, continuing, however, to behave with great politeness to me; and as he narrated none of his adventures to me, and that I shut my eyes, we were upon very good terms, and always in good humour with one another; notwithstanding which, the loss of his affection, which was too evident to admit of a doubt, caused a wound

in my heart, which, I found, neither time, nor dissipation, could heal. I tried every means, which reason or imagination could suggest, to regain his love, excepting reproaches, and ill humour; them, indeed, I never made use of, from an observation, that they generally defeated the purpose for which they were intended. All my endeavours to recall his affections were totally fruitless; variety was his goddess; and he served her with a zeal, equal to that of an *Indian Fakir* for his idol. I therefore sighed in secret, and was obliged to love him upon his own terms, since I could not bring him to mine.

We were now visited by all the *English* residing at *Aix*; Sir *Charles Stanly*, with an air of conscious worth, told me, he was very glad to see me in *France*; said many obliging things on the improvement he perceived in my person,

since he left *England*; and enquired much after every individual of my family. Mr. *Williams* received him with great cordiality, and gave him a general invitation to his house; he frequently came to see us, and one day, when he and I were alone, he said, "If it was not indiscreet, he begged I would tell him, who the person was, that I hinted at, in the fatal letter, in which I had informed him of my marriage with Mr. *Williams*, whose love of him had been a motive, which induced me to refuse him my hand." I paused a moment, as I was not prepared for the question; and then answered, candidly, "Sir *Charles*, as some years are past since that event, and as the person in question was then a child, I think I may, without injuring her modesty, tell you, that it was my sister *Sophia* who had conceived a violent passion for you, and had, with tears and blushes, discovered it

it to me, without, however, intending to make me her confident." He interrupted me, by asking, with some emotion, "If I thought she still retained the same sentiments for him?" I said, "I could not possibly answer that question, as I had always carefully avoided mentioning his name to her, since he left *England*; but that, to my knowledge, she had refused several good offers, tho' pressed very much by her friends to accept of one of them; alledging, that she was determined to live single; which resolution I had always attributed to her attachment for him." Sir Charles thanked me for the confidence I had place in him, and looking at me with eyes which spoke both grief and tenderness. he said to me, "You, Madam, was the only woman I ever loved, and your loss, from its severity, I imagined, had steeled my heart for ever against any of your sex; I am, however, (said he,)

determined to continue to love you in the person of your sister and friend, your beloved *Sophia*; I will instantly go over to *England*, and offer her my hand. She is like you (continued he,) and since I cannot be your husband, it will, at least, be a great consolation to me to be your brother." I told him, "That I should look upon it as one of the happiest incidents of my life, if I had in any manner contributed to the certain happiness of my sister, by procuring her so valuable a man as himself for a husband." Here we were obliged to put an end to our conversation, by company coming in to interrupt us.

I need not tell you, I suppose, how rejoiced I was, on the prospect of my dear *Sophia's* being made happy, in the man she loved, and who was in every respect so worthy of her. It was not long before Sir *Charles* set out for *England*; I wrote by him to all my friends,
and

and congratulated my sister on her approaching felicity, with a warmth equal to the affection I bore her. About the same time, Mr. *Williams* and I quitted *Aix*, and went to *Marseilles*, where I hoped to settle, at least for some time, for I grew weary of the rambling life which we had had for so many months past, joined to my continual apprehensions of my husband's expences being too large for his pocket, which, when we were once fixed in a place, I flattered myself, might be brought into a narrower compass. We had, by the means of a correspondent at *Marseilles*, taken a good house there, and I was much pleased, on my arrival, with the singularity, as well as novelty of that town; the slaves, galleys, &c. were all new to me, and at first sight made me fancy myself in the *Levant*. I found its inhabitants, like all those of your nation, very polite and hospitable to strangers.

I was acquainted here with many very agreeable, well bred, sensible people, in whose society I could willingly have passed my life. Mr. *Williams* appeared delighted with *Marseilles*; the multitude of different amusements it afforded, were a continual source of entertainment to him: He was, indeed, feldom at home than I could have wished him to be, but then he was always chearful and good-humoured when with me, nor did I know of any particular attachment he had at that time. Thus I continued, for five or six months, to live, if not happy, at least tolerably content, and so I might have probably continued for some time longer, had it not been for an event, which, at the time it happened, robbed me of all my boasted fortitude, and, after having worked me up almost to frenzy, sunk me into the deepest despair. An event, which a series of upwards of ten years has not been able to recon-

reconcile me to the remembrance of, without piercing my breast with the most ineffable grief; as a proof of which, my nerves tremble, and my heart aches, whilst I am going to narrate it to you. It was as follows:

Being going out one morning, I had stopped at the street-door of our house for some moments, till my maid ran back for my snuff-box, which I had forgot to put in my pocket. She had no sooner entered the house, than an ill-looking, shabby boy asked me, "If Mr. *Williams* was at home?" I answered, "No;" and then asked him what he wanted with that Gentleman? He said, "He had a letter for him, which he was charged to deliver into no hands but his own." I found myself instantly seized with a spirit of curiosity, which was very uncommon in me on such an occasion, and which I can, therefore, no way account for, unless I was excited

cited to it from the figure of the boy, and the oddity of the letter, which was folded in the awkwardest manner, and directed in a hand that was hardly legible. Whatever might be my motive, it is certain, that I was determined both to know its contents, and from whom it came: I therefore took it out of the boy's hand, saying, "Child, you may depend upon it, that I will take care of the letter, and give it into my master's own hand, when he comes home;" at which the boy looked rather surprized, but seeing that I was in possession of it, he only made me a bow, and went away. The letter, I found was sealed with a wafer, which was not quite dry, I therefore opened it with ease, when, returning into the house, I hastened to read it. Its contents were to this purpose, viz. "That the person from whom it came, assured Mr. Williams, that had she followed her own inclinations

clinations, she would have flown on the wings of love to his arms, on the first summons she had received from him; but that, notwithstanding she had shewn mother *Paris* all his letters, in which he had made her such great offers, yet she could neither by her tears, nor intreaties, prevail on the old woman to consent to part with her, and that without her permission she durst not attempt to leave her, as she knew well enough, from several instances of the kind which had happened, that she would have found out a means of making her repent it, either sooner or later; but, at last, it pleased God, (she says,) to release her, by converting the heart of Mrs. *Paris*, who was turned *Jansenist*, and had left off trade. She, therefore, finding herself free, went immediately to his Banker, with the draught he had sent her, which was instantly paid, and she set out directly for *Marseilles*,

Jeiltes, where she was that moment arrived, at such an inn, in such a street, and there waited, with the utmost impatience for the joy of clasping him with rapture to her bosom;” to which she added some expressions, that were rather more tender than decent, and ends with signing herself, “his ever affectionate, *Fatime*.”

I beg you, *Adelaide*, to judge of the situation I was in, after having perused this letter: The knowledge that he was going to keep a mistress in form, that it was a premediated thing, and that that mistress was a pupil of mother *Paris*’s, were circumstances of the most alarming nature. I foresaw, that the consequence of this connection would infallibly be the ruin both of himself and me; I was sensible of the expensiveness of the acquisition he had made, and knew very well what must be the end of it; at the same time that it was out of my power to bring any remedy

to the evils which threatened me; for I was but too well convinced, that should I have attempted to have complained to Mr. *Williams* of his ill treatment of me, or ventured to remonstrate, though in the gentlest terms, on the indelicacy of his conduct, he would with pleasure have seized that opportunity of throwing off all disguise, and most probably would have left me to console myself under my afflictions as I thought proper. In this dreadful dilemma, I remained some time absorbed in thought; when, recollecting that I might be surprized by my husband in that situation, I roused myself, and re-sealed the letter, then put it into my pocket, determining not to let him know I had read it, at least at that time. As soon as he came home, I presented it to him, saying, "That a little dirty boy had brought it:" On his breaking the wafer, I saw him look confused, though I don't believe

lieve he knew the hand at first, or he would have turned his back, and not have opened it before me. As he perceived who it was from, he stepped, by slow degrees, from me till he arrived at the window, where, having recovered himself a little from the surprize the having received such a note from my hand had given him, he said to me, "This letter, my dear, is about business of consequence; I must, therefore, go to the persons with whom it is to be transacted, and shall probably not be able to return to dinner." So saying, he put on his hat, made me a low bow, and, with a smile, went out.

I was now left alone to ruminate, at leisure, on the horrors of my fate. I had hitherto vainly hoped, that time, and an invariable adherence to a conduct, which, with regard to my husband, I conceived to be without a fault, would, in the end, have restored him

to reason, and, by that means, have reconciled him to virtue; but now that he was connected with a girl, whose every taste, probably, corresponded with his own, and whose interest it would be to annihilate in his heart any the least spark of affection, which might be found there, towards his wife; nay, excited by her caresses or threats, I did not doubt but that he would soon be brought to brave, what those kind of women call prejudice, by throwing off the mask, and publicly avowing their infamy: Especially as we were (unfortunately for me) in a country, where such an irregular conduct is only termed gallantry, and is, indeed, generally looked upon as being almost a necessary ingredient in the formation of that enchanting creature called a Fine Gentleman. I trembled at the prospect which lay before me; I saw the labyrinth I had got into, but could not find the clue which

could

could lead me out of it. “ Ah; cried I, in an agony of grief, Where is now my good friend, Mr. *Smith*, to support me under the weight of my afflictions!” After having, for some time, given way to my sorrow, I found it necessary to suppress it for the present, for which reason I ordered the servants to serve the dinner when ready, as their master would not dine at home: I therefore sat down to it by myself; I even strove to eat, but that was out of my power. I passed the afternoon in a state difficult to be described. The evening came, but no Mr. *Williams*; eleven, twelve, one o’clock struck, yet I heard no news of him; at last I rung the bell, and told my maid that I would go to bed, and so might all the servants, as their master was gone into the country, and he said, that if he did not come home early, he should not return till the next day. When the girl had undressed me,
I bid

I bid her leave the room ; saying, that I would put out the candle myself. She accordingly retired, and I sat up till three, still hoping that my husband would respect me enough to save appearances, and not expose himself to the servants. I deceived myself, however, for I did not see him till the next day at noon ; when, with his fine hair disheveled, his eyes swelled out of his head, and his ruffles all stained with claret, he entered my dressing-room, saying, “ My dear I beg your pardon, but I have been amongst a set of mad fellows, who have kept me up all night a drinking, which I hate,” said he, gaping and stretching himself. The figure he then made excited my pity ; and the little arts his vices reduced him to the necessity of making use of, almost raised my contempt ; yet I was pleased to find, that he had still delicacy enough left to wish to conceal his faults

from me; I therefore accepted the excuse, and, with a half smile, told him, "That I could not be so cruel as to upbraid him, since his crime, I perceived, had brought its punishment along with it, for I thought he looked very ill." He replied, "That he was so in reality, and would therefore go and lay down upon the bed for an hour or two, in hopes that a little sleep would compose his head, and do him good."

From this period, during a series of some months, I never saw him but he was either in liquor, or in such a state of low spirits and ill-humour, as rendered it impossible for me, either to do or say any thing to please him; nay, I often thought that the very sight of me irritated his bile, and made him cross; and perhaps that might be the reason why he was so much from me; for he very seldom lay at home, and, unless sometimes by chance, I hardly ever
I spent

spent a quarter of an hour in his company. At my desire we had long slept in separate apartments: To disguise the real reason for my making this request, I alledged, "That the late hours he kept disturbed me; and that when he was a little heated with wine, it was much more eligible to sleep alone, than to be tumbled into my bed by two footmen, which had been several times the case." To these arguments he brought no manner of opposition, but, on the contrary, acknowledged them just, and readily agreed to my proposal. I believe he thought I never reasoned better in my life, than I did at that moment.

I found myself now as much disengaged, and my time as much my own, as if I had not been married; a situation which, to some of my sex, would, I make no doubt, have had its charms; but it had none for me: I was too wretched to relish pub-

lic places, cards I disliked, and visits of ceremony had ever been my aversion; thus disqualified for entering into the gay world, I spent most of my time with my books at home, as I seldom went out, unless it was to see one or two of my nearest neighbours, amongst whom there was a widow lady, of about forty years of age, a sensible, well-bred woman; her name was *Madam Bertram*; she had spent her youth between *Paris* and *Versailles*; her husband was a lieutenant-general, and, on his death, she had retired to the place of her birth, which was *Marseilles*. This lady had conceived a friendship for me, and used frequently, by her lively and agreeable conversation, to dissipate, at least in some measure, the chagrin which devoured me: She would often, good-humouredly, chide me for being such a recluse, but never enquired into the reasons which induced me to be so; this

pru-

prudent reserve of her's endeared her to me; for, as I never could have brought myself to reveal my husband's faults, we must probably have quarrelled, had she been more inquisitive: However, I believe she had too much penetration not to guess at the cause of my melancholy.

One day, when our conversation had taken a moral turn, she said, "That, according to her apprehension of things, she thought that the false prejudices we imbibed in our infancy, like Original Sin, were the true causes of our future misery; for, (continued she) we are always hearing that such a road leads to happiness; that if we do so and so, we shall be as happy as the day is long. Thus happiness is always pointed out to us as a goal to which numbers daily arrive, when, in fact, there is no such thing to be found on earth; nor, in my opinion, did the Great Disposer of all

M 3 Things

Things ever intend it as an appenage to his creature, Man; but, on the contrary, has made this world a state of probation, in which he is, from his sufferings and fortitude in bearing them, to merit a better existence hereafter. Now, (continued she) were we to begin life with this idea, the truth of which experience will infallibly teach us, I am of opinion, that we should revolt less against misfortunes when they beset us, and rejoice more heartily at any agreeable event which might arrive, than we do at present, whilst we think happiness attainable, and that we are injured if it does not fall to our lot. Another great error of the human mind, (said she,) is, that we suppose our nature to be more perfect than it is, and consequently wonder that any one should use us ill; that they should, under the mask of friendship and benevolence, betray and injure us, is matter of astonishment to our senses, when just entered

tered upon the stage of life; to avoid which, I think *La Bruyere's*, or, rather, *Theophrastus's* maxim, should be early taught young people, which says *
 "Let us not be angry with mankind, on seeing their hardness of heart, their ingratitude, their injustice, their pride, their love of themselves, and disregard of others; they were made so; it is their nature; one might as well be angry at the stone for falling, or the fire for ascending." I easily perceived the drift of my friend's discourse, and told her, I begged leave to observe, "That *La Bruyere's* characters were sometimes painted too strong, and always traced by the hand of misanthropy." She replied, "That perhaps the colouring

* Ne nous emportons point contre les hommes en voyant leur dureté, leur ingratitude, leur injustice, leur fierté, l'amour d'eux mêmes et l'oubli des autres; ils sont ainsi faits, c'est leur nature, c'est ne pouvoir supporter, que la pierre tombe, ou que le feu s'élève.

might sometimes be too high, but that the canvas was always truth."

About this time there arrived at *Marseilles*, on his road to *Italy*, a young *English* Nobleman, of an agreeable figure and genteel address; I had known him a boy in *England*; he claimed acquaintance with me, and in consequence paid me a visit, which Mr. *Williams* returned, and assured his Lordship, that both himself and wife would always be glad of the honour of his company; accordingly he came very often to our house, both by invitation and without. I observed, that Mr. *Williams* affected to leave his Lordship and me together as much as possible, and would even frequently find an excuse for being from home, when he had invited this young Nobleman to dinner, and I knew nothing of it, till I saw him enter the room. A repetition of this sort of behaviour began to shock me, as I thought I saw
by

by it, that my husband wished me to have an intrigue, or at least the reputation of having one, with this young Gentleman. Alarmed by this suspicion, I determined to be upon my guard; in order to which, I gave orders, the next day, that I would never be at home to Lord —, but when Mr. *Williams* was at home. By this means, his Lordship had been frequently refused the door; when one day my husband said to me, “I am just come from Lord —, who complains much that you are always out. I told his Lordship, he must be mistaken, for I really believed there was not a woman in *France* who stayed half so much at home as you did:” Then looking at me, he added, “How happens this, Madam?” I replied, “It is very easily accounted for, Sir; since your being always out, makes me careful of the visitors I receive at home; and I have therefore determined to admit none but

but those who are of my own sex, when you are absent, that I may, at least, not draw upon myself the censure of the world." "My God, what a prude you are grown! (exclaimed he.) Why, one would think you had been educated in *Spain*!" "There was a time (I answered, with a sigh) when such a reserved conduct would have been (if not ridiculous) at least unnecessary; but when a woman has the misfortune to be neglected by the object of her affections, the world is apt to suppose that she will seek either her consolation or revenge in forming another attachment; now as this manner of shewing my sensibility of the injury is both foreign to my principles and heart, I shall use all the precautions in my power to prevent its being attributed to me." Here I paused; he, whistling, said, "You are your own mistress, Madam, and therefore may do what you please; I have

have no notion of restraining any body's inclinations, not I;” and so saying, he went out of the room. A few days after this, Mr. *Williams* told me, that Lord —— would sup with us that evening: “And, in order not to wound your superlative delicacy, Madam, (says he,) I will most certainly be at home.” I replied, “It is very well;” adding, “that I thought his Lordship a very agreeable, entertaining companion, and should be always glad to see him, when I could do it with propriety.” In the afternoon Lord —— came, according to appointment, and Mr. *Williams* was at home to receive him. The former part of the evening past agreeably enough, till, unfortunately, I happened to have the head-ach, and foolishly said, laying my hand upon my forehead, “Good God, I wish my head was off, it aches so; that it makes me quite stupid!” “God forbid,

bid, (exclaimed Lord —,) I would not have it hurt for a thousand pounds; there are very few to be found so well constructed as it is." I smilingly replied, "Your Lordship is very obliging, to set so great a value upon it; but I, who am better acquainted with it than you are, and know its defects, think it of very little consequence whether it is off, or on." Mr. *Williams* observed, "That he did not believe any woman's head could be worth five pounds; and that their whole person could never amount to the value of the sum his Lordship had set upon the head only." This he said, laughing. My Lord replied, in the same tone, "Why, Mr. *Williams*, I am sure you would not be willing to part with you Lady for a thousand pounds, though you would seem to hold her in so little estimation." "Indeed, my Lord, but I would, (answered Mr. *Williams*,) and that with all my heart; as I,

at present, want money, much more than I do my wife." The manner in which my husband spoke these words piqued me to the soul; and I felt my cheeks glow with resentment and indignation: I said nothing, however; but, arising from my seat, went to the window." You would be very sorry to be taken at your word," (said Lord — to Mr. Williams, continuing the conversation.) "Not in the least, (replied the latter,) and, as a proof that I am in earnest, I will, this moment, ring for pen, ink, and paper, and confirm, under my hand, the exchange I offered you." He then rang the bell; Lord—looked surprized, yet still (I believe) thought him in joke. When the servant brought the paper, &c. Mr. Williams said, "Well, my Lord, do you draw upon your banker for a thousand pounds, and I will give you a formal renunciation of all my right and title to the person of my

my wife, in your favour, to which I will set my hand and seal;" which accordingly he did; and Lord —— presented him with the draught for the money. I sat all this while stupified with astonishment at this extraordinary scene, and once interrupted them by saying, "That Mr. *Williams's* having renounced all right and title to me, could not make me become the property of another, but only left me mistress of myself." This I said between anger and jest, not being able to conceive my husband could possibly be serious in such an affair; I, therefore, expected every moment to see the papers flung into the fire, and the farce finish; but how was I amazed, when I saw Mr. *Williams* put the note into his pocket, and, advancing towards me, take my hand, which he immediately attempted to put into Lord ——'s, saying, "There Madam, I resign you to that Gentleman, hoping that he will
make

"make you a better husband than I have done." I drew my hand with precipitation, from him, and, looking in his face with an air of anger and contempt, said, "Base, and inhuman man; you have, indeed, ruined both my peace and fortune, but my honour's my own, and whilst I preserve it unsullied, I flatter myself that it will raise me above your insolent usage of me, as well as the base machinations, you have, and may hereafter make use of, in order to level me with yourself, and your dirty connections." "As to you, my Lord, (I said, turning to him,) I am sensible, that, as a man of gallantry, you could not refuse a Lady, when she was offered to you; I therefore have no reproaches to make you upon the subject, especially as I have a right to hope, that your Lordship's opinion of me was of a nature, not to admit of a thought injurious to my honour; I therefore suppose, that
you

you looked upon the ridiculous scene, which has just past, as I did, **comme un jeu d'enfans*; I shall most certainly take care, that your draught for the money shall be returned to you to-morrow morning, and I beg your Lordship will oblige me, by not suffering any part of this foolish, unguarded action, of Mr. Williams, to transpire." He gave me his word of honour that he would not; and then, with a respectful bow, presented me with my husband's deed of conveyance of me to his Lordship; at the same time protesting to me, "That a right over my person, without having an interest in my heart, was an honour to which he had never aspired;" he therefore begged leave to assure me, that he had never presumed to have a thought which could give the smallest wound to my delicacy; adding,

* Children's play.

"that

that he hoped I would have the goodness to pardon his having been the innocent cause of giving me pain. To which I replied, "That I did not think his Lordship in the least to blame." Mr. *Williams*, who had, no doubt, listened to this conversation, when it was over attempted to appear with his usual air of ease and gaiety, but I could perceive, that the latter part of the scene had not afforded him much entertainment. Lord — saw it, as well as me, and therefore very prudently went away, almost as soon as supper was over.

When he was gone, I sat myself down in an elbow chair, opposite my husband, whom I asked in a calm, but firm voice, "How he would have acted was he in my place, and had just been treated in the ignominious manner I had been?" He looked surprized at the question, and then answered, carelessly, "Why, I should have gone with Lord —." I replied, "I dare say you would." I

then told him, that I must insist on his giving me the note for the thousand pounds, in order that I might send it back early in the morning to his Lordship: He refused it, saying, "That he wanted the money now, and would pay it at his leisure." I endeavoured to shew him both the meanness and impropriety of such a proceeding: He answered, "That Necessity had no Law; and that he must either have that money, or go to prison." I said, (looking at him, and shaking my head) "Unhappy, mistaken man! these are the difficulties into which vice plunges all her votaries. Do you think, (continued I) that the companions of your riots, for whose sakes you have sacrificed your health, reputation, and fortune, will either assist or console you in the hour of adversity and affliction? No, believe me, Mr. Williams, a vicious heart is equally incapable of pity, as of generosity; and friendship is the offspring of virtue alone:

lone : Don't, therefore, flatter yourself that you have any friend to apply to in your present distress; the worthy part of your acquaintance will think it unpardonable to support you in the pursuit of your debaucheries ; and the others will fly from the man, who can no longer gratify their appetites ; even your *Fatime's* love of you, is not, I fancy, of that refined nature, as to stand the test of poverty and a prison. There was a time, Mr. *Williams*, when to me the deserts of *Libya*, or the most loathsome jail, would have been divested of their terrors, by the charms of your society ; but a long series of sufferings, and ill treatment, have, at last, restored me in some measure, to reason ; or rather, perhaps, I am obliged to despair for some part of my cure : For whilst I had the least remaining hope of reclaiming you by my patience and tenderness, I suffered from every neglect, or unkind look of your's, pangs which your un-

feeling heart can never know; but as soon as I was convinced, to demonstration, that you had renounced every virtue which adorns humanity, and adopted every vice which dishonours it, I ceased attempting to stem the torrent; and, turning my eyes inward, sought peace in my own breast, since I found it denied me every where else. I never meant to upbraid you, Mr. *Williams*, nor should do it now, only to justify the step I am going to take, which is that of separating myself from you; your contemptuous neglect of me, would never have induced me to have left you; but I am now convinced, that my honour is not safe in your hands; therefore the duty I owe both to myself and family, obliges me to leave your roof, and to seek an asylum in the arms of my relations and friends in *England*."

Here I ended this long harangue, to which he made no kind of answer, either by sign or word, but sat silent, look-

looking attentively at the fire ; so finding he did not chuse to talk, I took one of his hands, and putting it to my mouth, I kissed it, saying, with a sigh, which rent my bosom, " Good night, my once dear *George*." I then hastened out of the room as quick as I could, for fear he should perceive, by my falling tears, how falsely I had boasted of an insensibility, my heart was, in reality, a stranger to, with regard to him. I now went to bed, but not to sleep ; I revolved in my mind all that had passed that evening, and was weak enough to upbraid myself for having spoke to my husband, in terms, which, I feared, might have given him pain ; it is true, I had determined to leave him, but then, by so doing, I was thoroughly persuaded, that I should cause him no uneasiness ; for which reason, I was at a loss to find out to what I ought to attribute his obstinate silence, during the whole time that I was telling

him of his fautes; in short, I was apprehensive that I had both offended and vexed him, and that thought kept me upon the rack till morning, when I sent my love to him, and desired to know how he did? My maid returning, said, "Madam, my master has not been in bed last night, nor has he ever quitted the parlour since you left him in it, and I think he looks like death," continued the girl. "Good God, (I replied,) is it possible! What can be the matter with him? How does he do? What did he say?" All these questions I asked in a breath; to which my maid answered, "Madam, my master sends his love to you, thanks you for your obliging enquiries after his health, and says he is as well as he ever wishes to be, and bid me give you this paper, desiring you to dispose of it as you shall think proper." On looking at it, I found it was Lord ——'s draught for the thousand pounds, which I immediately

diately sealed up, with a compliment, and sent to his Lordship. I then went to visit my husband: I found him writing; upon which I hesitated a moment at the door, being doubtful whether I ought to interrupt him or not; when, perceiving me, he said, in a faint voice, "Come in, Madam, I have now no secrets which I would wish to conceal from you." He got up and reached me a chair; when we were both seated, "Mrs. *Williams*, (says he,) I was writing to my father, giving him an account of the reasons and causes of this our fatal separation from each other. I beg, Madam, that you will be so obliging as to deliver it yourself into my father's own hand, as it will entirely exculpate you, in his and my mother's opinion, of any errors in my conduct, of which they may have thought you the author; this is now the only reparation that remains in my power to make you, *Charlotte*, for all the injuries I have done you,

and which are much more numerous than your generous nature ever could suppose them to be," so saying, he put his handkerchief to his eyes, which, I could perceive, were full of water; he then presented to me the letter he had been writing to his father, desiring me, at the same time, to read it: I did so: It contained a minute detail of all the falsties which he had told him, and his mother, of me, accusing him self of being the sole author of all the indiscretions which he had committed since his marriage; he then shows them how contrary to my opinion, nay, even to my entreaties, the greatest part of his conduct had been since our union; he proceeds to praise my prudence, patience, &c. and then flies out into invectives against his father, upbraiding him with being the original cause of his ruin, from his penury, by always straitening him in his circumstances in the first place, and in the second, by engaging him to part with his wife,

wife, who was the most perfect model of human perfection; he tells him, that now the measure of his follies, as well as his calamities, are full; that life is no longer supportable, since he has lost all which rendered it desirable, his beloved *Charlotte*; he begs he would observe, that he now renounces all ties of blood for the future, with a man who has brought all his misfortunes upon him, as well as all sorts of connexion whatsoever, either with him, or any of his family; he then recommends me strongly to his care and protection, and ends, by bidding him farewell for ever.

I cannot paint to you, my dear *Adelaiside*, my astonishment, on having perused this extraordinary composition, which, as soon as I had read, Mr. *Williams* sealed and delivered to me, with a look of ineffable tenderness and contrition. I was at a loss what to think of this scene; I knew my husband to have a great deal of art, and I did not think
this

this sudden change of sentiment and conduct very natural, as I was thoroughly convinced, that he had long ceased to love me. I took the letter, however, saying, "I found myself much edified at his candour and generosity, but that I begged he would believe me to be incapable of making use of them to his disadvantage; (adding,) that the approbation of my own heart, I hoped, would be found sufficient to support me thro' the painful conflict I must suffer, in parting with him, as well as the consequences it might be attended with." I said, I could never think of raising my own fame on the ruins of his, and therefore should make no use of the letter he had just given me." I now begged of him to go to bed: He looked wildly at me, and answered, "You are too good, *Charlotte*; Why do you concern yourself about such a lost wretch as I am?" I assured him, that on his health and welfare, depended, in a great measure, all my

my future peace; I therefore intreated him, for my sake, to take care of himself, and to let me conduct him into his room; for, in truth, he looked as if he was hardly able to stand, grief and want of sleep had so fatigued him. At last he complied, and I led him up stairs, where, after having aided him to pull off his coat, he got into bed, I then drew the curtains round him, and sat myself down on a chair by his bedside, as I really thought him ill. He seemed much agitated, and could not get to sleep. I took hold of his hand several times, and found it hot; I now grew apprehensive that he was going to have a violent fever, I therefore sent immediately for a Physician, who, on seeing him, ordered he should be bled directly, saying, "He found his pulse very irregular and feverish." Draughts, &c. were prescribed. I never quitted Mr. *Williams* all that day, or the following night; he raved a good deal about *Fatime*, called her all sorts

sorts of names, the most injurious he could think of sometimes, and then he would fancy her with him, and talk to her in terms of the tenderest kind; in short, he continued light headed with the violence of the fever, till the fourth day after his being taken ill; when towards the morning he slept quietly for two hours, and then awaked, seemingly much calmer and cooler than he had been since the beginning of his illness.

During all this interval of time, my mind was a perfect chaos: Grief, pity, resentment, love, reason, and passion, were all at war in my breast. I had no friend to consult; none to whom I could unbosom the sorrows which oppressed me, and from whose salutary counsel I might have hoped to have found consolation. I therefore looked up to Heaven, begging his aid, who is the never failing comfort of his afflicted creatures, when they address him with a heart free from guilt. Such was mine.

Mr.

Mr. *Williams* now grew visibly better. I must not forget to tell you, that during the course of his indisposition, several letters had been sent to him by his mistress, which, now he was recovering, I ventured to give him; and, in order that he might read them with the more conveniency, I retired to the other end of the room. After having perused, them, he called me to him: I went: He took my hand, and, grasping it tenderly he said, with a voice of despair, "I see I am undone; past recovery, since you can give me these letters without any emotion. To what a degree of contempt and indifference must I be fallen in your opinion, when you can be thus insensible on such an occasion?" I replied, "That use reconciled one to the greatest misfortunes; (adding,) that since I have lost his heart, it was very immaterial to me who possessed it." "Cruel, inhuman *Charlotte*, (continued he,) you injure me! I never ceased one moment

moment to love you; but an unpardonable levity in my nature, which has been strengthened by the prejudices of a false education, have, together, contributed to lead my senses into errors my heart has ever been a stranger to. No, no, my lovely, my ever dear girl, (continued he, pulling me upon the bed to him,) by all that Saints hold sacred, you are, and ever was, the only and sole mistress of my heart." I struggled to disengage myself from his arms, which, with some difficulty, I accomplished, and seated myself on a chair by his bed-side. He now began, in the most pathetic terms, to implore my forgiveness of all the wrongs I had suffered; when, to shew me the thorough contrition he had, for having so cruelly inflicted them on me, he confessed all the errors of his past life; amongst which, as he had before well observed, there were many which I should never have suspected him to have been guilty of: His intrigue with
Miss

Miss *Beauford* was not omitted, nor were those with twenty other Misses whose names I have forgot; and I am glad of it, since it is not my intention to expose them. When he had ended his confession, which was long, and charged with the most ridiculous events, I told him what I knew of his intimacy with Miss *Beauford*; at which he appeared surprised, as he had never suspected my having any suspicion of it. He now made the warmest encomiums on my discretion and goodness, at the same time accusing himself of being the unworthiest of mankind; he said he was a reptile, not deserving the honour of crawling at my feet; he begged me to crush him at once, by denying him pardon, and so put an end to all his torments, as he neither could, nor would, live without me. He swore he was absolutely determined, that very day, to send *Fatime* back to *Paris*, protesting, that he should never more be able to

bear

bear either her sight or name, since she had, at least in a great measure, been the cause of his losing his dearest wife; he lamented his past crimes, declared his abhorrence of them, and vowed a future amendment. In short, there was not an art he left untried, in order to move my tenderness, compassion, and humanity; he knelt, wept, swore, intreated, menaced his own life, and, in a word, wrought upon my affections so forcibly, that I sunk into his arms, forgave him all his past faults, and from a motive of generosity, burnt his letter to his father, as well as the deed of gift he had made of me to Lord——, in order that there should be no vestiges remaining, which were in my power to destroy, of his former ill conduct. From this period, he became the fondest, tenderest, soberest of husbands: he sent away his mistress as he had promised, with an intention, as I firmly believed, never to see

see her more, and without having taken leave of her, as he assured me.

I have been so totally absorbed in the narration of this interesting part of my history, *Adelaide*, as to have forgot informing you, that, not long after our arrival at *Marseilles*, I had received a letter from Sir *Charles Stanly*, to acquaint me, that *Sophie* and he were one. My sister, too, wrote upon the occasion. She tells me, that her present happiness is so great, that she can hardly persuade herself of its reality. Amidst all my sorrows, this event gave me pleasure.

I now return to that part of my story from whence I broke off. It was six weeks, or two months, since Mr. *Williams's* reformation, when one evening, that he and I were alone, (which now frequently happened, at his own desire,) I observed to him, that I thought he was graver than usual; he replied, with a sigh, "I was reflecting on the enormity,

as well as absurdity, of my past conduct, my Dear." I was going to reply, when he continued, saying, "but I am sufficiently punished for my faults, by the severity with which I now feel the consequences of them." Here I interrupted him, by asking, with trepidation, "If any misfortune had befallen him?" "None, but such as I have drawn upon myself, (says he ;) since, in order to support my follies and extravagancies, I am involved under such a load of debt, as will be impossible for me to extricate myself from, unless I go over to *England*, and so remit the money from thence; and even this I cannot do, unless my creditors will take my promissory notes for their security, till I can pay the money, and that I am afraid they will never be brought to consent to; as, when once I am out of the kingdom, they have nothing to rely on but my honour, for the payment of their bills; there is, however, (continued he) nothing left

for it, but to try them; if they come into the proposal, why well; if not, a pistol must decide the business; for I neither can, nor will, ever submit to be crammed into a *French* jail, by such rascals." "Alas! (cried I, turning my eyes up to Heaven) am I then never to know peace! How can you talk in such a manner, Mr. *Williams*? You frighten me almost out of my senses!" Here he took hold of my hand, saying, "The sorrows my indiscretions have brought upon you, my good girl, are infinitely more afflicting to me, than any of my own; there, there, (said he,) is the wound," (striking his breast with his hand, in a seeming agony.) I now used every argument in my power to console him; I begged he would immediately endeavour to get leave of his creditors to go over to *England*, promising them proper security for their money in a limited time after his arrival there. He told me, that he would call them together

the next day, and offer the proposal to them. I then begged of him to make his mind as easy as he could, assuring him, "That my happiness was centred in the possession of his love and friendship, and that whilst I enjoyed them, I was invulnerable to all the attacks of adverse fortune." He replied, "That I was in every thing the delight and consolation of his life."

Two days after this conversation Mr. *Williams* acquainted me, "That he had now an opportunity of settling his affairs with the people he owed money to, but (added he) it is upon a condition of so cruel a nature, that I do not know whether I had not rather go to prison than comply with it; nay, I have a great mind, (said he, starting up from the chair he was sitting on,) to go to them this moment, and tell them, that they may do their worst; (when, letting himself fall gently into his seat again, he said, in a soft, plaintive voice,) they shall

shall not oblige me to give up what is dearer to me than life, or liberty, I mean your company, my dear *Charlotte*."

"My company, (I replied,) Mr. *Williams*! what can my company have to do with your creditors?"—"Why, my love, (said he) the fellows I have to deal with, are a pack of mechanical scoundrels, who have no notion of taking a Gentleman's word; for which reason, they yesterday, at a meeting we had, unanimously agreed, that, unless I left you, my *Angel*, behind me, as a pledge for my return, they would never consent to my quitting the town, much less the kingdom; but, I am absolutely determined never to comply with this, their unreasonable proposal, (said my husband,) and so I know what I have to expect." Here he ceased speaking, and looked at me, as if he wished me to give my sentiments upon the subject. I did so, by telling him, "That I was but too sensible how cruel the separation from

him would be to me; I observed, that the being left alone in a foreign country, so many hundred leagues from all my friends and relations, was a painful consideration; but, in the dreadful alternative which now presented itself to my view, I added, I could not hesitate in the choice, since I most certainly preferred the being miserable myself, to the torture of seeing him so; I therefore begged of him to go immediately to *England*, and leave me as a hostage for his honour, since a jail must be the inevitable consequence of his non-compliance with this article of the convention made with his creditors." When I had done speaking, he caught me to his arms, pressed me to his bosom, and said all that Gratitude, Sensibility, and Love could dictate; admired my generosity, praised my fortitude, and thanked me at least a thousand times, for the confidence I had so nobly placed in him; in short, the next day

day he packed up what was just necessary for his journey, and, with only one servant to attend him, set off for *Paris*, from whence he was to go directly to *Calais*, and so on to *London*.

I took leave of Mr. *Williams* with an unusual depression of spirits; I felt as if my soul was, at that moment, separating from my body: I gazed on him with unutterable tenderness and sorrow, and, flinging myself on my knees, I intreated him to remember, that my life depended on his welfare, and my peace and happiness on his speedy return. I represented to him the deplorable situation in which he now left me, without friends, and with very little money, and less credit. I conjured him to continue to love me, to take care of himself; and then, holding him fast by one of his hands, which I pressed between both mine, my eyes streaming with tears, and my heart almost bursting my breast,

breast, I bid him adieu, and, in that moment, I thought I did so for ever.

Reason, though she had long been silenced, by the power of affection, yet, now and then, would give a feeble tap at my breast; and it was she, doubtless, who prophesied in the moment I am speaking of; she had frequently tried to awaken me from the profound lethargy my husband's apparent reformation had thrown me into; but I suppressed all her admonitions, rather choosing to give way to an illusion, which, whilst it lasted, was pleasing, than to suffer prudence to create doubts in my mind, which must infallibly have damped the present enjoyment; not considering (as I ought to have done,) that the man who only falls from his level, will probably hurt himself much less, than he who tumbles off a precipice. I have found this reflection, however, of singular service to me, on many occasions since. But to my story.

As

As soon as my husband was gone, I drew my expences into as narrow a compass as I possibly could; but, as he had left me only ten guineas in cash, he could not expect it to last very long; however, as I had ten of my own, which I had saved, rather than purchase a gown with it, (for which purpose Mr. *Williams* had given it me,) I flattered myself, that, with good œconomy, I might make this sum hold out till his return, which he had promised, and swore, should be in six weeks at farthest. I was now left at leisure, to revolve over, in my memory, all the occurrences of my past life, which, in order to do with the more precision, I put them down upon paper; and, it is from these papers, that I now collect (in a great measure at least) the facts which I here narrate to you. Upon examining the transactions of a few months past, I could not avoid condemning, in my own opinion, my too great easiness of temper,

temper, as well as disinterestedness, on several occasions. I foresaw, with terror, the consequences which might result from such a conduct; yet I wished to think well of the man I loved, though I could not disguise to my reason, that I had acted imprudently, in having placed so unreserved a confidence in Mr. *Williams*.

The first letter I received from him was dated *Paris*; he tells me in it, "That he has only just stopped there to change horses, such is his impatience to arrive in *England*, in order that he may finish his affairs the quicker, and, consequently, return the sooner to me; says he is in a violent hurry, and concludes, your's, G. W."—I thought his style cool and laconic, but attributed it to his being fatigued, and perhaps pressed for time. The next I had from him was dated *London*; in it he tells me, "That he finds a great deal of difficulty in raising the money; that his father

father is much out of humour with him upon the old subject; and that, in short, he is almost mad, not knowing what in the world to do; he adds, however, that he is determined to bring the old man to terms by one means or other: Nay, (says he,) I will swear that I'll fire through my head, if he don't relieve me: This threat, I fancy, will frighten him out of his money, and then I shall instantly fly to my dear girl, on the wings of affection, as her absence is the greatest of all evils: He then intreats of me to keep up my spirits, and promises not to exceed the six weeks leave of absence (as he calls it)." This letter quieted, in some measure, my fears, and a second, third, and fourth, of the same nature, lulled me into perfect tranquillity. The people, to whom he owed money, visited me frequently, always enquiring when I expected Mr. Williams home? I read them several paragraphs in his letters, which seemed

to

to keep them in tolerable good humour, and by my treating them always with candour and civility, they contracted a kind of esteem for me, which turned out to be of singular service.

I had now passed a fortnight without having received a line from my husband; when one day, that I was sitting alone, my footman came into the room, and presented me with a packet of letters from *England*. I immediately sought for Mr. *Williams's* hand, and, having found it, selected it from the rest, my heart palpitating with the hope, that, as his time of absence was elapsed within a day or two, he would there mention the day he purposed to return. I broke the seal with precipitation, and read as follows:

“Madam, I beg, for your own peace, you would forget that I am your husband, as I have forgot that you are my wife; I have done my endeavours to en-
gage

gaged your father to take you home to his house, but found him absolutely averse to any proposal of this kind, nay, indeed, he positively said he would have nothing to do with you. Now, Madam, as I know you have a great share of stoical philosophy, I sincerely wish it may be of service to you in your present critical situation. If you will make a proper use of your understanding, you may, for aught I know, be much happier than you have ever been since we were united; you are handsome, young, and agreeable; with these qualities, you cannot fail of finding friends; and I don't counsel you to practise virtues, which I myself cannot attain to. I am, Madam, your friend, and obedient servant, G. W.

Postscript. I have no money, so cannot remit any at the present; however, you may always depend on sharing my fortune with me; the half of it shall be your's, let its augmentation be ever
so

so great. I leave *England* this morning; it is no matter where I am going; any letters you may choose to honour me with, will find me, by being directed to me at — — —, Esq; in the *Temple*;
 * *Mais, pour l'amour de Dieu, point de tragique, ma Chere."*

I had no sooner read this letter, than I imagined that somebody gave me a violent stroke cross the breast, a flash of lightning seemed to have gone cross my eyes, and I fell senseless upon the floor; from this time, till several days afterwards, I knew nothing which happened to me. When one morning I perceived, by the glimmering of returning sense, that I was in a darkish room, and in bed. I asked, "Who was there?" and was answered, by a soft female voice, "My dear Mrs. *Williams*, I am here, and sincerely rejoice to hear you speak; I did not, indeed, think I ever should

* But, for God's sake, don't be tragical, my Dear.

have

have had that pleasure again ; do not offer to talk, Madam, (continued the voice) you are very ill, but be assured that you are amongst your friends, who will, with pleasure, take every imaginable care of you." The confusion of my ideas, joined to the weakness of my body, rendered me, at that time, incapable of understanding what my guardian angel said to me; I therefore made no reply, (as I have since been told,) for then I knew nothing of the matter; the violence of the fever had seized my head, so that, happily, I felt no idea forcibly enough to give me uneasiness. I was, during the greatest part of my illness, almost continually asleep; from this state of negative happiness they cruelly roused me, by the force of medicine, accompanied with the most assiduous and tender care of me: As my health returned, my senses, by degrees, recovered their vigour also, and by that means plunged me again into
the

the deepest despair. An old Physician of merit, who attended me during my illness, told me one day, "He perceived, with infinite concern, that my disease at present lay in the mind, and for that reason, it was out of the reach of his art to cure; he begged I would be my own Doctor, since it was in my power to do myself more good in one day, than all the Faculty together could do in a twelve-month."

I now knew my charitable, kind nurse, to be my neighbour, Madam *Bertram*, and, on seeing her stand at the foot of my bed, I asked her, "How she came there?" She told me with a smile, "That she had never quitted my room for a moment, since the day on which I was taken ill, and that she even slept in it, as I might see if I opened my curtain, as her bed was placed close to mine." I then begged of her to narrate to me, what had happened since the moment that I had lost my senses. She told

told me, "That my maid, going into the parlour, about ten minutes after the footman had delivered the letters to me, found me (as she then thought,) dead upon the floor. The poor girl shrieked out, which brought the other servants to her assistance; they immediately laid you upon a bed, and sent for a Surgeon, at the same time that your maid came to me, wringing her hands, and crying out, that she had lost her dear, good mistress! The girl frightened me excessively, as you may suppose, (said Madame *Bertram*.) I asked her what she meant? She replied, "Come and see, Madam; pray come and see my Lady dead!" I followed the girl home, where I found you, Madam, in the Surgeon's hands, seemingly lifeless: He was opening a vein, which bled a little; he then ordered you to be put to bed, and desired a Physician might immediately be sent for. He was so. I asked him, "What he thought of you?"

you?" He shook his head, and answered, "He would tell me more of his mind the next day." The violence of your fever, together with the delirium which attended it, alarmed us all, for several days, especially as the Doctors declared you in a very dangerous state. You know the rest, said my friend, excepting the joy which we all feel on your recovery, which, as we are unable to describe, you will be ever ignorant of.

I had no words which could express what I felt upon this occasion; so, having looked at her, I hid my face in the pillow, without speaking a word. You, my dear *Adelaide*, are well acquainted with this worthy woman's name and character, since you have frequently heard me express the lively sense I still, and ever shall, retain of her maternal care of me. You have also often seen me deplore her loss with tears. She died, as you have heard me say, in my arms,

arms, of an inflammation in her bowels, six months after she had saved my life, by her assiduous attendance on me.

As soon as I was able, I desired I might have those letters given to me, which were probably found on the floor, when I fell off my chair, in the fit which had been the cause of my late indisposition. Madam *Bertram* said, "She desired to be excused from giving me that, which had, she apprehended, been the author of my illness; and I won't, says she, give you any of the others, if, upon looking on the superscriptions, you don't assure me, that they are not from the same person." I replied, with a sigh, "Ah! no, no, Madam, there is no danger of my receiving any more letters from that quarter." On this assurance she gave them to me. There was one from my father, another from Lady *Stanly*, and a third from my inestimable friend, Mr. *Smith*. I read the two last, but the ve-

ry weak state my nerves were then in, made me afraid to open the first. I expected to find consolation from my friend and sister; and reproaches, mixed with invectives, from my father.

Mr. *Smith* begins his letter, by observing, "That now, what he had always foreseen would happen, was come to pass; my husband had flung off the mask, and stood confess'd the villain." He informs me, "That Mr. *Williams* has, by some well-placed shruggs, hints, and inuendoes, (without, however, accusing me of any thing,) given the world cause to think, that he had his reasons why he could not live with me any longer, consistently with *his nice sense of honour*." The good man goes on, informing me, "That Mr. *Williams* wrote a letter to my father, much in the same stile as his conversation; in it he recommends me strongly to his care, and begs that he would take me home to his house; insinuating, at the same time,

time, that it would be the only step which could now be taken, in order to save me from inevitable ruin. He then desires that my father would meet him, on such a day, at such an hour, at his Lawyer's chambers, in the *Temple*, when he would make a settlement upon me, which should at least secure me from want. Your father, (continues Mr. *Smith*,) went to the rendezvous, according to appointment, when, to his great surprise, the Lawyer told him, that young Mr. *Williams* had set out for *Holland* two days before, which was the very day on which he wrote your father the letter. Now I beg you, my dear Madam, (says Mr. *Smith*,) to remark the villainy of such a proceeding, as also to draw this consequence from it, which is, that you will never hear any more from him, nor ever receive a six-pence of him." He tells me, "That, being desirous to pry a little into my husband's conduct, he had employed some people of intelli-

gence to watch him; and that by this means he soon came to the knowledge, that Mr. *Williams* had brought over with him a *French* girl, whose name was *Fatime*; that she had been brought to bed whilst they were in *London*, and were now gone together, child, nurse, and all, to *Holland*;" he adds, "that he saw Mr. *Williams* whilst he was in *England*, and had even a long and sharp conversation with him, wherein he pressed him to declare openly, what he had to alledge against me, in justification of his ill treatment of me; but he could get no other answer from him, than that he wished me well, and had too much generosity to oppress those who were already wretched enough; for he said, he was very much afraid that I should not survive his loss; but that the plain matter of fact was this, that he could no longer, with honour, live under the same roof with me." My good friend then informs me, "That he has inclosed an order on
a Banker

a Banker at *Marseilles*, for one hundred pounds sterling, to be paid at sight ;” adding, “that he desires I would draw upon him for whatever sums I think proper, as he now claims the promise I made him before I left *England*.” He then proceeds to congratulate me on having escaped out of the hands of such a monster, as he calls Mr. *Williams*.—My dear *Sophie* laments the cruelty of my fate, offers me every consolation in her own, and husband’s power ; but adds, “that Mr. *Smith*’s zeal and generosity leaves them bankrupts ; however, they petition me not totally to neglect them, but give them some opportunity of rendering me service.”

I now clearly saw the abyss into which my too great credulity had precipitated me. I revolved, in my distracted mind, all the arts which had been practised, in order to make me contribute to my own undoing, which I was very sensible could never have been effectuated, without

my assistance; I was astonished how I could have been deceived by such flagrant falshoods, as those which had been put in practice against me; I could not account for my imbecility, in thus suffering myself to be played upon; I was ashamed of having been made the dupe to their shallow artifices; and to have fallen a martyr to the machinations of two such worthless beings, as my husband and his girl, sunk me, in my own opinion, even almost beneath contempt: I now regret my folly, in having burnt Mr. *William's* letter to his father, as well as the other papers, as they would effectually have convinced his father of my innocence, and his son's guilt. In this state of humiliation and sorrow, I remained for some months; grief had, during that time, so totally absorbed all my faculties, that I was become insensible to all exterior objects; I never pulled off my cloaths, but to change my linen; and when I slept, it was generally upon the carper,

or

or in a great chair; life was a burthen to me, which I every day wished to be released from, and which I had a right to think I should shortly be, as my health declined visibly every hour.

Mr. *Williams's* creditors waited upon me in a body, and generously assured me, that they would never come upon me for the money; which, by the laws of *France*, they might have done, as I was liable to have been arrested for my husband's debts; and this my Barbarian knew, when he went over to *England*. I expressed my sense of their humanity and goodness, in the warmest terms I was mistress of. They desired I would give them a direction to old Mr. *Williams*, as one of them intended going over to *England*, in order to try to get their money; they begged I would make myself perfectly easy about them, nay, they even offered me their services; my figure, I believe, (which was now much altered by my sufferings,) contributed

buted to move their compassion, for I perceived tears stand in the eyes of several of them, whilst they were talking to me. About this time I was roused from my lethargy of woe, by my friend Madame *Bertram's* being taken ill. I instantly flew to her aid, quitted my own house and established myself in her room, from whence I never stirred till she died. This stroke, which they who are not thoroughly acquainted with the human heart, will naturally suppose to have been a *coup de grace* for me, that is to say, a finishing stroke to all my misery, had a quite contrary effect.

The friendship this valuable woman had for me, her tender compassion of my afflictions, her attentive care of my health, the sensibility with which she shared my griefs, and the gentle manner in which she poured the balm of consolation into my wounded breast, had frequently relieved the asperity of my misfortunes, and kept my heart from breaking:

ing: I had leant upon her, and she had saved me from sinking; such was the friend I had just seen expire in my arms; in that moment, in which I lost her for ever, terror seized my senses; I looked round, and saw myself alone in the universe; I had nothing now to rely upon, no friendly twig to catch hold of to save myself; Frenzy seemed to advance towards me with hasty strides, accompanied by that fiend, Despair; I dreaded their approach, and, being unable to find any exterior defence against them, I, in this moment of horror, turned my eyes inward, in order to seek it there; Fortitude and Resignation appeared at my call; I returned to the bed-side of my departed friend, kissed her cheek, and went home, where I instantly undressed myself, and got to bed, and (what may astonish you, perhaps, my dear *Adelaide*) slept sound till the next morning.

You

You will probably be surprised that I should have been more affected at *Madame de Bertram's* death, than I was even at the loss of my husband, fortune, fame, &c. To which I answer, that if I was so, which I am not sure of, I can attribute it to nothing but the same cause, which made a King of *Lydia*, or some other country, who was taken prisoner, look with a dry eye on the ignominy, poverty, and slavery, to which himself, wife, son, and daughter, were reduced; yet burst into a flood of tears, on seeing an old servant of his, carrying a weight too heavy for his age and strength. On being asked the reason of this (as they thought) mis-placed sensibility, he answered, "That the misfortunes into which he saw himself and family plunged, had filled the cup of his calamities, and that the event, which had just happened, had made it run over."

But

But to my story: As soon as I arose in the morning, I began to fix upon the only-plan on which I could hope to find peace, which was this, that, since I could not alter the nature of my misfortunes, I would try to change my ideas of them; I therefore resolved to follow Lord *Bolingbroke's* system, who says, "Dissipation of mind, and a length of time, are the remedies to which the greatest part of mankind trust in their afflictions; but the first of these works a temporary, the second, a slow effect, and both are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves, that we may fly from our misfortunes; and fondly imagine that the disease is cured, because we find means to get some minutes respite from pain? Or, shall we expect from Time, the physician of brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy, till we can forget that we are miserable? and owe to the weakness of our faculties,

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ties, a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of their strength! Far otherwise; let us set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes; let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by a long and ignominious patience; instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision knife, and the caustic, search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure."

My misfortunes, and the sense I had of them, were equally great; I was not hardened, either by their number, or the frequency of their attacks, but, on the contrary, I gathered strength from my own weakness; for, as a wretch who is drowning, from instinct, will catch at any twig he sees, in hopes of saving himself, though, perhaps, in his cooler moments of reason, he did not estimate the value of his life at a farthing; so I, when I saw Madness attempting to seize

my brain, (from the same instinct which impells us all to the preservation of ourselves,) caught hold of Philosophy to save me from the horrors of Distraction: she did so, she taught me to subdue my own will, and to estimate things at their proper value; by doing the first, I perceived that I had no right to complain of my fate, since, however severe I might look upon it to be, yet history furnishes us with many examples, of the worthiest characters being oppressed by misfortunes, to a degree beyond any I had yet experienced: I reflected, that I had brought all my sorrows upon myself by my disobedience to my parents, as well as from a confidence in my own judgment, which I ought to have known (because I had frequently been told so,) was the worst of guides at the age of fifteen. I now looked upon my misfortunes as the natural consequences of my indiscretion, and, as such, received them with submission. I ventured to ask

ask myself, what right I had to be happy, when I could not, from the most partial examination of myself, find I had any? I then considered what happiness was; when, after the most metaphysical dissection of it, I agreed with Mr. *Pope*, "That it consisted in Health, Peace, and Competence," and these were in my power; since, in all probability, Health, would be the concomitant of Peace; and the mere necessaries of life (which I apprehend to be Competence) I had very little reason to think I should ever know the want of; Peace I hoped to be able to acquire, by a constant adherence to Virtue, and a thorough submission to the Dispensations of Providence.

I was not to learn, that to be a Philosopher in theory only, was as easy, as the being so, in practice, was difficult; but I thought it a noble pursuit, and I therefore determined to use every possible means of attaining it. I had, as you may have observed in the course of this

this narrative, *Adelaide*, frequently resolved to act upon pretty near the same plan as this I am now speaking of, but some intervening accident had always happened to overturn my system: I now set out under more favourable auspices; I was no longer a child, and I had gained experience from my former errors; yet I must confess, that, notwithstanding these circumstances in my favour, I found, that I had undertaken an arduous task, as well as one, which required a length of time to accomplish: Nature, or the Passions, (which you will,) frequently undid, in one moment, the labour of months: However, I did not suffer myself to be discouraged by the opposition I met with from them, but repaired, with diligence, the breaches they had made: My industry and perseverance have been crowned with success; for though I still (at the moment I am now writing) preserve a tender remembrance of my husband, yet it is, and has

long been so, unaccompanied either by resentment or grief; a pleasing melancholy will sometimes steal on me, when I recollect past scenes; but my passions are, I hope, silenced for ever. It was wisely said of the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, or whoever said it, (tho' I think it was him,) "That, certainly, there is no other account to be made of this ridiculous world, than to resolve, that the change of fortune, on the *great* theatre, is but as the change of garments on the *less*; for, seeing death, in the end of the play, takes from *all*, whatsoever fortune or force take from *any one*, it were a foolish madness, in the shipwreck of worldly things, where all sinks but *sorrow*, to save it.

Pardon this digression, *Adelaide*; I could not help it, but will now hasten to put an end to my story, which, if it tires you but half as much in the reading, as it did me in the writing of it, I most heartily pity you.

I had

I had now lost the only friend I had in *France*, for which reason I determin'd to return to my native country; and immediately wrote to my sister, and Mr. *Smith*, in order to inform them of this my intention. In their answers, I was infinitely surprized to find them averse to my project. They counsel me not to think of coming to *England* so soon; assuring me, that the abuse and persecution of all sorts, which I should meet with, from the family of my husband, would be very disagreeable to me; they therefore gave it as their opinion, that it will be much more eligible for me to stay in *France* some time longer, at least till Mr. *Williams's* infamous conduct was more generally known in his own country, or till his future behaviour had lost him totally in the eyes of the world; which, they said, could not fail of being the case, in a short time, at the rate he was going on.

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I believe I have not told you, my Dear, that, since I was abroad, I had frequently received many very kind and friendly letters from my uncle *Boldby*, and he generally insisted on joining, with Mr. *Smith*, in securing me from want, by settling, between them, a pension upon me, during my husband's life, or for as long as I should receive nothing from him. *Sophie* laments that she is with child, otherwise, she says, that she, and Sir *Charles*, intended themselves the pleasure of spending some time with me in *France*; but she gives me her word, that, as soon as she is able, she will fly to me. I had wrote frequently to Mr. *Williams*, since he left me; sometimes begging him to relieve my necessities, by sending me some money; and, at other times, desiring he would let me know how he did? To all which, I never received any answer.

As soon as my mind was a little calmed, after the death of my ever-valued friend

friend Madame *Bertram*, I determined to leave *Marseilles*; and, had I followed the dictates of my own inclination, I should now have shut myself up in a convent; but the solemn promise I had made Mr. *Smith*, never to enter one, during my husband's life, rendered it impossible: However, as my heart sighed for retirement, I took a little cottage, by the means of an acquaintance of mine, who was going thither, in the environs of *Avignon*, not far off the famous river *Vaucluse*, so celebrated by the immortal *Petrarch*. There, with my books, and one or two agreeable neighbours, I passed my time, if not in gaiety, at least in peace. It was here that I employed the greatest part of my leisure in the study of my own heart: I found it, on examination, to be so very defective, that I was almost discouraged from the attempt, to regulate its feelings by the Laws of Philosophy. I found, that it always rebelled against reason,

every time that my husband presented himself to my imagination; nay, it obstinately persisted in loving him. Such is the invincible tyranny of a first impression, on a youthful and a virtuous mind, that I don't believe it can ever be totally eradicated, either by time, or ill treatment: I mean in our sex. Don't misunderstand me so much, my dear *Adelaide*, as to suppose that I accuse the men of being capable of so much weakness; their whole sex give evident proofs of the contrary daily. In order to divest my heart, as much as possible, of the tenderness it still retained for Mr. *Williams*, I endeavoured to strengthen my reason, by continually representing to myself, the unfeeling manner in which he had betrayed and abandoned me; to which I added, a nice survey of his hypocrisy, licentiousness, dishonesty, and cruelty: All these circumstances did not fail of convincing my understanding, that I ought both to hate and despise

spise him; but my weak heart, even in the moment of this conviction, sighed, and acknowledged its sovereign—"O! let not thy heart despise me; thou, who experience has not taught, that it is misery to lose that, which it is not happiness to possess."

I had now passed two years in this enchanting retreat, and was grown much the wiser for conversing so frequently with myself, I'll assure you. When the Countess of Vitri came to *Avignon*, in her way to *Paris*, she knew that I was in that neighbourhood, and instantly came to see me; she and I had been intimately acquainted, both at *Paris* and *Lyons*. She met me with the liveliest demonstrations of joy at seeing, and sorrow at finding me so much altered; she pressed me, with ardour, to accompany her to *Avignon*, alledging, that she should stay there but a few days, and she insisted on my spending that short time with her. I pleaded my want

of health and spirits; she vowed she would take no denial: So, with a kind of gentle violence, she put me into her coach, ordering my maid to pack up what was necessary, and to follow me. The next day, the Countess displayed all the powers of rhetoric, in order to convince me, that I was acting on a wrong plan: She asserted, "That whilst I vainly imagined that I was conquering my misfortunes, by dint of reflection, and reason, I was, in fact, destroying my constitution, by soothing grief; which would, she averred, soon grow habitual to me, and by that means effectually incapacitate me for any future enjoyment in life: And (says she, in her sprightly manner, which you know) you will, my Dear, very shortly, be metamorphosed into a vegetable." I smiled at her idea, and replied, "That a state of vegetation was a state of negative happiness, and I feared that was all we had a right to hope for in this wretched

wretched world." "Indeed, my dear Mrs. Williams, (said the Countess,) a dose of dissipation, and change of scene, will do you more good, in one week, than all your old musty Philosophers have done in years : You must consider, child, (says she,) that the body and soul are strangely connected together, and that when one is invigorated and languid, the other participates of its weakness : Restore your body to health, therefore, by exercise and change of place, and I will answer for the recovery of your mind." I smiled at her having thus reversed my system, and she went on : "Come, (says she,) I am going to *Paris*, for a week, or ten days, and from thence I shall go to *Spa*; you have nothing to do here, my dear Mrs. Williams, so let me prevail on you to go along with me ; I will bring you back to *Avignon*, if you desire it, or fix you in any other spot you shall choose to reside in. At my return from *Germany*, I intended

tended to have stayed here but two or three days; but if you will consent to accompany me on my purposed tour, I will wait your time, only make what haste you can, because the Count *De Vitri* waits for me at *Paris*, and will be impatient till I arrive there."

You know, *Adelaide*, how amiable, how seducing the Countess is; she therefore prevailed. I could not resist the vivacity of her sollicitations; the reasons, however, which made me the more readily consent to accompany her into *Germany*, were diametrically opposite to those she had used, in order to engage me to comply with her request; for it was, because I had, in a great measure, got the better of my afflictions, that I acquiesced with her proposal of quitting my little retreat, and entering again into the world; and not with the false hope, that dissipation, and change of place, could any way have contributed to the removing of evils, of the nature
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those were which I had had to struggle with; but as my person had greatly suffered, from the perturbation of my mind, and that my spirits were less volatile than they had formerly been, the Countess took it for granted, that I was killing myself, by indulging melancholy; however, I considered, that change of air, and exercise, were two excellent ingredients towards the procuring of health, which I wanted: I therefore the more readily set about packing up my things, and arranging my affairs, which being done in about a month after the Countess's arrival at *Avignon*, we set out, she and I, and our two women, in her berlin and six. We met the Count *De Vitri* at *Paris*; he scolded me agreeably, for detaining his Lady so long at *Avignon*. I defended my cause as well as I could. We stayed at *Paris* three months, instead of a week or ten days, as the Countess had told me she intended to do, and then set out for *Spa*. It

It was during our residence at *Paris*, that I first beheld my *Adelaide*; we met at Lady S—'s; and you may remember, how, by the force of sympathy, we selected one another from a numerous company, and joined conversation during the whole evening. From that period, I saw you every day, and almost all the day, whilst I remained at *Paris*; and, when obliged to leave it, I quitted you with the most pungent regret. I need not here inform you, how I spent my time at *Spa*, since I constantly corresponded with you from that place. A few days before the time fixed for the Count and Countess *De Vitri*'s return to *Paris*; I received a letter from my Lady *Stanly*, wherein she tells me, that Sir *Charles* and herself will come to —, if I will consent to meet them there: You may easily suppose, how readily I consented to this proposal; and the next post brought me a letter from Sir *Charles*, in which was inclosed one of recom-

recommendation to Madame *de Lape*, who, he tells me, is an intimate acquaintance of his, and to whose house he, and his Lady, were going upon a visit. My fellow-travellers, and I, parted at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, not without concern on both sides. I promised the Countess, and her worthy husband, to rejoin them at *Paris*, as soon as my brother and sister should return to *England*. I then proceeded on to —, where I met with the most gracious reception, from Madame *de Lape*. She would not suffer me to lodge any where but in her house. The next day brought Sir *Charles*, and his Lady, to us. I shall draw a veil over the scene of our meeting; it was too tender to be expressed; but you have a heart which will easily paint it, such as it was, to your imagination. We stayed at —, and other parts of *Flanders*, for upwards of six months, when Sir *Charles* said, his wife and he would accompany

me to *Paris*; first, because they should, by that means, spend more time with me; and, next, that *Sophie* might see the place: There, my Dear, you know they stayed with me six months; you was present at our parties; I then went home with you; and we have never been one day separate, from that time, till my coming into *England*.

Now you have before you all the events of my life, except that of the death of my husband, the news of which I received whilst I was in *Flanders*. He died in *Italy*, surrounded with bastards by different women, and, at that time, was accompanied by a girl, which he had picked up some where in his travels, who had, from the time he left me, been preceded, in his affections, by numbers like herself, of all nations. I was informed, by a Gentleman who was upon the spot when he died, that he was plundered, and, being a Heretic, they flung him into a ditch near the town, in

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a common deal box, without any other ceremony. I wept his fate bitterly, *Adelaide*, nay, I forgot all his faults, in consideration of the dreadful situation in which he must have died, torn by remorse, and unattended, unwept, by any present friend! Oh, *Adelaide*! why was I not there then, to have administered consolation to his afflicted soul? I should, by my tender care of him, have smoothed the bed of sickness; but it was not to be. "O! thou eternal Arbitrer of Things, be thy great Bidding done! for who am I, to question thy appointment!"

The death of my uncle *Boldby*, who had survived my aunt, and had generously left me a large sum of money, produced a law-suit, as some of his relations endeavoured to set aside the will, in order, as I suppose, to deprive me of so considerable a legacy; which was

* *Akenfide's Pleasures of the Imagination.*

very

very absurd in them, as Sir *Charles Stanly* was certainly his heir at law, and he never wished (as you may suppose) to injure me. It was, however, thought proper, by him, and the Lawyers, that I should appear, and make my claim, in person; in order to which, you know, I came back to my native country, which I had not seen for many years.

And now, my Dear, I have fulfilled my promise; and have nothing left, but to hope that you will continue to love me, after having thus exposed to you all the weaknesses of my heart, and all the errors of my conduct.

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LETTER X.

To Mrs. WILLIAMS.

My ever dear CHARLOTTE,

HOW have you restored tranquillity to my breast, and health to my Brother, by your last kind letters! How nobly sincere, and generous, is that to him! How like yourself! He kissed the lines which were traced by your fair hand, a thousand times, and then said, with a faint voice, "Let me obey her; give me my medicines." I had already engaged him to conform (in some measure at least) to the orders of his Physicians, by telling him, "That I was certain you would write to him, by the next post, and that for this reason he ought to try to live, in order to have the satisfaction of reading your letter." His fever has abated for some days, but still it hangs upon him without in-

termittig : The Doctors say, it is on his nerves, and spirits. We yesterday received the packet, with your Memoirs in it, by the messenger. My Brother, as soon as I told him its contents, insisted upon my reading it to him. I did so, for above an hour, last night, but finding that it agitated him too much, I pretended sleepiness, and left his room, but not to go to bed : No, my dear *Charlotte*, I set up all night reading the history of your life. What shall I say to you, my admirable friend ? In what words shall I thank you, for the confidence you have placed in me ? The gift is inestimable, and I have no expression which will be any way adequate to my sensibility of the obligation. My heart has been torn to pieces alternately, by pity of your misfortunes, veneration of your virtue, and astonishment at your fortitude : You have, indeed, reason, my amiable friend, to dread a second attachment ; but there
never,

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never, fure, was a monster in the world like Mr. *Williams*. How cruel, then, it was, that he should fall to your lot! My Brother calls for me to read to him. Adieu. Your's in haste, but always with the tenderest affection, and friendship,
D'ANGEVILLE.

P. S. How could you so peremptorily forbid the Marquis answering your letter? Take care of yourself, for, ill as he is, he has laid a scheme to be revenged of you.

LETTER XI.

To Mademoiselle D'ANGEVILLE.

I Rejoice, my dear *Adelaide*, to hear that the Marquis is better; but how I tremble for the consequences of a letter, wrote under the impulse of terror, and compassion. Does your Brother know me, well enough, to be certain, that I have none of those little arts, at-
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tributed to our sex, on similar occasions? May he not suppose, that, thro' a sense of modesty, I have concealed a part of my sentiments from him; if so, into what a labyrinth will that error lead him. Try, then, to convince him, my dear girl, that I rather heightened the colouring, in describing the nature of my attachment to him, than softened it, to not suffer his hopes to be too sanguine. I dread the effects of a disappointment, to a mind so susceptible as his is. Read my heart, my Dear, in your own; remember, that having been attached to a man of merit, when you was extremely young, and he dying almost on the day destined for your nuptials, you have ever since been deaf to all solicitations and intreaties, on the subject of matrimony, and constantly declared yourself vowed to celibacy. How often have you told me that love, like death, strikes but once; and all else (said you) was vice, and for that reason,

reason, your heart was incapable of receiving a second impression. Why cannot you suppose mine to be made of the same metal, and my ideas to be the same? I think, nay, I believe them to be so. For what, then, can the Marquis hope? But let me drop the subject; it pains me, and can give you no pleasure.

I arrived here, a week ago, that is, at Sir *Charles Stanly's*; and found him, and my sister, delighted on seeing me, after so long an absence. We gazed reciprocally on each other, with ineffable pleasure. The happiness they enjoy in one another, furnishes me with a continual source of satisfaction. Happy, happy, *Sophie*! whose very passions contribute to her felicity. Such are the effects of a well directed choice in a partner for life. How was my heart formed for the enjoyment of such a virtuous union! And how has inexorable fate denied it to my wishes. But, alas! I forfeited all right to happiness, when

I forgot my duty to the authors of my being.

I found this happy pair, surrounded by a little family, of two boys, and two girls. I caught these pretty children in my arms, by turns, and pressed them to my bosom. I felt that I loved them, with a maternal affection; they called to my remembrance, my poor little *George*, and the silent tear stole down my cheek.

I had yesterday a letter from my father, in which he gives me a very pressing invitation to come and spend some time with him. This is the first notice he has ever taken of me, since the abusive, cruel letter, he wrote to me at *Marseilles*, upon my husband's having left me. But I am now rich, and, as it is not very probable that I should ever marry again, perhaps he thinks my friendship may be worth cultivating; however this may be, I shall not pry into the motive,

motive, so have answered his letter in the civilest terms, promising to comply with his obliging request of seeing me at ——. In his letter, my mother, and some brothers and sisters, which I have no recollection of, send their love. How true it is, that poverty is a great disgrace, and that there is no pity for the unlucky : The Unfortunate, like the Absent, are always in the wrong.

I must tell you, *Adelaide*, that the master and mistress of this house, have almost brought me to forgive *Cecrops* ; who, they tell us, was the first institutor of matrimony. I think, if you was here, and saw my brother *Charles*, that you would be tempted to break your vow in his favour. If I am not partial, as a sister, he is one of the most amiable young men, both in figure and character, that I ever saw. Your picture, which is in my bracelet, he is become so enamoured with, that he swears he will return with me to *France*, in or-

der to behold the bright original. He has already asked my leave, twenty times, to carry a *lettre de cachet*, as he calls it, from me, to fetch you over ; upon which I am obliged to assure him, that he would never be able to bring you over alive, such are the terrors you have of the sea ; otherwise, I tell him, you would never have suffered me to come over from *France* alone.

I must inform you, that I find they have laid deep schemes for keeping me here ; but they will not do ; for I am resolved to return to you, my dear *Adelaide*, and to end my days in a country which I love above all others, where I hope to die in your arms, my friend, as you are a few years younger than I am. *Charles* tells me, that he was acquainted with the Marquis *D'Aise*, when he was at *Paris*, some years ago. My never having mentioned the name of my family, either to you, or your brother, is the reason, I suppose, why I was ignorant

rant of this circumstance. *Charles* begs his respectful compliments to that Gentleman; give my love to him, and tell him, that I expect to hear that he has obey'd my commands, and consequently, that he is perfectly restored to health and spirits. My Brother, and I, go to my father's to-morrow, where I purpose spending a week, or ten days, when I shall return here again. This visit, my Dear, sits heavy on my heart; it will recall so many cruel ideas to my memory, that I almost wish I might be excused going there. How did I once doat upon my father! Nay, how I love him still! But then it will be impossible for me ever to convince his misanthropy, that one can love, and yet disobey; beside, I cannot bear the theme; it is such a disagreeable recapitulation of all my afflictions; such a humiliating subject. No, no, let him think of me as he pleases; I will, however, if attacked, defend myself with no other arms, than
that

that of pleading my sorrows, which have, I apprehend, been sufficiently severe to expiate my crime. Adieu, my dear friend, I tire you, and myself, with such long letters. It is to make amends for my not writing oftner; but, indeed, *Adelaide*, I have not time. God bless you, prays your ever faithful,

C. WILLIAMS.

LETTER XII.

To Mrs. WILLIAMS.

I Ndeed, my dear *Charlotte*, I tremble at seeing you thus surrounded by your friends, and my enemies. I dread the influence they must naturally have over you so much, that, if I was unacquainted with the steadiness of your character, and the inviolable adherence you have to your word, I should despair of ever having the happiness of seeing you in *France* again; but I fortify my spirits,
from

from the assurances you repeatedly give me, in your letters, of the contrary.

My Brother mends every day. We are in the country, at a little village near *Paris*, for his health. He walks, rides, reads your Memoirs, and then talks of you the rest of the day. So we spend our time, for I am his shadow.

I must tell you, my Dear, that he is no way discouraged, from the picture you have drawn of your own heart, or of its sufferings: He says you was formed for Love; that your heart is timid, but far from being obdurate; nay, he has the assurance to aver, that you can never be truly happy, till you are united to a man, who, knowing your worth, can love you with as ardent, and as refined a passion, as he does. He frequently laments, that his having been Ambassador to *Spain*, should have deprived him of so many years pleasure which he should otherwise have enjoyed in your company. Whilst you, *Adelaide*, says he, was indulging in
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that felicity, which your frequent letters were full of the liveliest description of; you praised your friend so warmly, and painted her so amiable, that I was half enamoured with her idea, before I saw her; it was not, therefore, surprizing, that I should lose my liberty very soon after my arrival at home. But, to my unspeakable disappointment, I found nothing in your friend which could give the least encouragement to my hopes; on the contrary, an air of melancholy, which constantly overspread her fine features, and a sort of steady philosophy, which I found to be the character of her mind, made me endeavour to conquer, what I feared would be a hopeless passion. I enjoyed the charms of her society, however. The easy, open friendship she honoured me with, as being your brother, was so flattering to my heart, that I dreaded losing it, by declaring my sentiments to be of a tenderer nature, than those of simple friendship.

I hoped

I hoped time, and some lucky incident, might prove propitious to my desires, when business called her to *England*, and shewed me how impossible it was to live without her.

Thus you see, *Charlotte*, that is is *Le sort de mon sang, de s'enflamer pour vous*, since my Brother, as well as myself, was caught at first sight.

I thank you, my Dear, for offering me your Brother. I am persuaded that he is very amiable: But you will agree with me, that one cannot be in love with two people at once; and I am still too much so with my deceased friend, ever to have a heart to dispose of to another. Your case, and mine, *Charlotte*, will admit of no comparison; they are totally different; the object of your passion was very unworthy of being so; you cannot esteem his memory, nor, with reason, lament his loss. I can, I must do both, for my departed Lover. I swore, on his dying lips, that I would never be another's;

ther's; and Providence, approving the vow, has steeled my heart against his whole sex. I have a kind of romantic connexion with the spirit of my dead friend, which keeps him ever present to my imagination. Don't laugh at me, when I tell you, that I fancy myself married to him, and that he is absent on a journey; I therefore give him an account of all my actions; I consult his opinion in every transaction of my life, by asking myself how he would wish me to act in such a case. These chimæras, (for such I allow them to be,) fill my heart, and make me support life with cheerfulness,

"Till pitying Nature signs the last release,

"And bids afflicted worth retire to peace."

And then, I take it for granted, that my Heaven will be the rejoining him. This is a fine system of Metaphysics, you'll say! you, who are so deeply read in them. No matter, it is more consolatory than many of their hypotheses;
and

and, for any thing that either you, or I, know to the contrary, may be just as true.

My Brother, who, you know, is an excellent *Roman Catholic*, seeing a croud about a little cottage in the village this morning, enquired what was the cause of it? when one of the peasants told him, that a poor old soldier was dying in that house, and that the Priest had just carried the Sacrament to him. Compassion made the Marquis go and visit one of his fellow soldiers in distress; when, on entering the room, he perceived a fat Capuchin Friar sitting by the bed-side of the sick man, and holding to him a Crucifix, endeavouring, at the same time, to put it into his hand, saying, "Friend, speak to your Lord, and Redeemer!" The poor fellow made no answer. The Friar again exhorted him to say something to his Saviour! At last, the dying man raised his eyes, and looking on the Crucifix for some moments,

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ments, exclaimed, in a faint voice, *Ab! mon Dieu, que vous êtes maigre**! This ridiculous *naïveté* of the old soldier made the Marquis and me laugh heartily. You must remember, *Charlotte*, that *Christ* is always figured on the *Crôss* as being so thin, that his bones appear almost to pierce through the skin. This story must appear pleasant to you *English*, who are all professed *Iconoclastes*, since it did so to me, who am, as you say a Worshiper of Idols.

What a prating humour am I in. For God's sake, *Charlotte*, return soon. The length of your absence grows insupportable to me. Let me know exactly when you purpose being at *Calais*, that I may meet you at least as far as *St. Denis*. Adieu! Love me as well as you can, and that will never be half as well as I do you.

D'ANGEVILLE.

* Oh, my God, how thin you are!

P. S. Give my best compliments to Sir *Charles Stanly* and his Lady. I am in love with the former. Ah! my Dear, what a difference between him and Mr. *Williams*! How capricious is Love! I beg to be mentioned to Mr. *Smith*, as an admirer of his virtues: But I won't talk to you of your Memoirs, till we meet: They have been the delight, and sorrow, of my life, whilst I was reading them. My Brother has, no doubt, by this time, got them by heart, as he reads them all day long; nay, they sleep with him too. He says a thousand things at this moment, which I shall not tell you; not because they are unworthy of you, but because I am not obliged to make Love for him. Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

To Mademoiselle D'ANGEVILLE.

THANKS, my amiable Girl, for your long letter. It was a great consolation to me at my father's, from whence I returned yesterday. I was received there, with an attention, and an air of distinction, which obliged me to suppress all demonstrations of that filial tenderness, which glowed in my heart on the sight of my parents. I longed to strain them to my breast, and to bathe them in tears of dutiful affection: But the very well-bred manner in which they accosted me, forced me to endeavour to conceal my feelings, in order to accommodate my behaviour to theirs. They said every thing that was civil on my arrival; told me how impossible it was for them to express the joy they felt on seeing me. (I do most sincerely believe that they spoke truth.) They then

then presented to me some sweet children, whom they told me were my brothers and sisters. I kissed them with uncommon marks of fondness and sensibility; because the tenderness with which my heart was overcharged, being flung out of its direction, fell naturally upon them. During my stay at my father's, his conversation was so infinitely amusing, as well as improving, that I listened to him with delight, for whole days together; and when, by accident, he touched upon the topic of my disobedience, it was with a gentleness and delicacy, which endeared him to my heart; notwithstanding it taught me, (what I had ever apprehended,) that no time could obliterate it from my memory.

He told me, that old Mr. *Williams* had, upon the news of his son's decease, seized upon all his effects in *England*, in order, as he said, to pay himself,

self, as far as it would go, the money which he had lent my husband upon a bond. On hearing this, said my father, I waited upon him, and represented, in the strongest manner I could, the injustice of such a proceeding. I told him, that I thought he ought, in honour, to make some provision for you, Child. To which he replied, that the Law could not oblige him to do it; and that he was very certain his inclination would never lead him to support a woman, for whom he had neither esteem, nor friendship, and indeed disliked extremely, for very obvious and good reasons.

I answered my father, that the old Gentleman, I imagined, thought he had reason to have the aversion for me which he had expressed; and that, on my part, I should now take no pains to undeceive him.

My mother was very good natured, and chearful. She and my father both
pressed

pressed me much to lay aside my intention of returning to *France*, and to reside, for the future, in my native Land. But I told them, that my resolution was fixed on that head. I observed, that *France* had afforded me an asylum, when *England* refused it me ; adding, that I had found both friends, and consolation there, when my relations even disowned me here. I said, these circumstances were strongly imprest on my memory, and had, in some measure, made me dislike my own country. Here my father shook his head, and replied, I am of opinion, Mrs. *Williams*, that you conceal from us the real reason of your attachment for *France* : However, continued he, smiling, if you do marry again, you will probably be much happier in your second, than you was in your first choice ; for I have made it an observation, that a violent passion never brought two people together,

ther, but it made one of them miserable. You, Madam, have experienced the truth of this observation; and adversity has taught you, I dare say, the art of regulating your passions; if, indeed, said he, interrupting himself, you have any left to regulate; for I observe, with pain, that the length and violence of your afflictions have tinctured your disposition with a soft melancholy, which never fails to enervate the mind, and, if not soon removed, will infallibly degenerate into apathy. I assured my father, laughing, that I was not quite so much the vegetable as he seemed to suppose me to be: He replied, in the same tone, that he was very glad to hear it. In short, *Adelaide*, had I found that warmth of affection in my father towards me, which I felt so powerfully in my bosom for him, he would never have suspected me of want of feeling; and I should have past my time deliciously

ously here; but that want has imbittered the scene, and my heart sighed involuntarily every time I looked at him. We parted, as we had met; he said every thing that was kind; I felt too much, to say any thing. My mother shed a tear, as she bid me adieu; begging me, however, to say a thousand tender things for her to her daughter *Stanly*, whose present happiness I could perceive to be the source of my mother's bliss. Ah! *Adelaide*, was it then wrote on the adamantine tablets of Providence, that I should never meet with a return of affection, but from those of my own sex?

I arrived here last night. We propose setting out from hence for *London* in a day or two. Our party consists of Sir *Charles*, his Lady, and little family; Mr. *Charles Rutland*, alias my Brother, and myself. I do not intend to stay more than a week in town; it will

require that time, at least, to pack up, and regulate my affairs, as I shall, probably, now take a final leave of *England*. *Charles* has got his father's leave to accompany me to *Paris*; and Sir *Charles*, and my Sister, promise, that they will come and make us a visit there next Spring. I will let you know exactly the day fixed for my departure, when I know it myself. How can you mention *St. Dennis*? Indeed I expect you meet me half way from *Paris* to *Calais*, at least; if not, I shall die on the road, of impatience to see you. Adieu. God bless you.

C. WILLIAMS.

Remember me to the Marquis. All here say a million of civil things to you, which I have not time to write. Mr. *Smith* esteems himself much honoured by your compliment to him. I shall not write to you, till the day before I set off.

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

To Mademoiselle D'ANGEVILLE.

GOOD God! *Adelaide*, how shall I express to you, the surprize which an event, the most unlooked for by me, tho' premeditated, you threw me into? It happened thus: Yesterday in the evening as my sister, family, and self, were sitting in the parlour together, my footman, (the *French* one,) opened the door, saying to me, "Madam, there is a Gentleman desires to speak with you." "With me? I answered: Who is he?" "I have forgot his name, (replied the fellow, archly,) but I have seen him with you, Madam, I think in *Paris*." "Shew the Gentleman in here," says my sister. "Madam, (answered my servant,) he don't choose to walk in, but desires to speak to my mistress alone." "Well, (says I,) if that is the case, I don't know who he can be; however,

ever, shew him into the back parlour, and say I am coming." I followed my servant, revolving in my mind who this could be that I had known at *Paris*; when, on entering the room where the stranger was, before I could have had time to survey his figure, I found the Marquis *D'Aise* at my feet. I screamed out with surprize. Your Brother had the impudence to hold me in his arms for a minute, at least, before I had recollection enough to disengage myself from him. My servant, on hearing me shriek out, had brought my sister to my assistance, who found us in the prettiest situation imaginable, the Marquis still holding one of my hands, and, I believe, kissing it. He now seated me in a chair, and then began making a great many handsome apologies for having alarmed us so much, by the suddenness, as well as unexpectedness, of his appearance; all this was *Greek* to *Sophie*, who stood staring at us, till I presented the
Marquis

Marquisto her, saying, he was the Brother of my friend. *Charles* came into the room at this moment, and flew into the Marquis's arms, who recollected him instantly. Sir *Charles* received his guest with the most cordial affection; my sister express'd the most immoderate joy; and, for my part, after my fright was over; I was not sorry to see him: in short, my Dear, he has established himself so well in this house, that I do not really believe, that it would be in my power to turn him out of it, even if I had a mind to do it; and the worst part of the story is, that he knows this very well, I assure you. Now you know, he must see every thing that is to be seen in *London*, which will take up some time, and consequently detain me much longer here than I intended staying. What do you say to that, *Adelaide*? But you deserve to be punished, for having kept the secret so well. The whole house here rejoice at your Brother's arrival, because

because they foresee that it will be a means of keeping me for sometime in *England*. I see plainly now, Madam, how far I may rely upon your friendship; when this brother of yours is put into competition with me, my scale, I fancy, would prove very light. I have half a mind to be angry with you, *Adelaide*; think only what I should have done, if my brother had not consented to accompany me to *Paris*? Did you intend that the Marquis, and I, should have travelled, *tête-a-tête*, together? How has your love of him blinded your friendship for me! But I won't write any more, for fear I should scold: let me, however, tell you, that he is very well, and looks so; and that I am, in spite of your ill treatment of me, yours affectionately,

C. WILLIAMS.

I shall now write to you no more. I resign my pen to the Marquis, who has promised to continue the correspondence.

LETTER XV.

To Mrs. WILLIAMS.

SO, you are really angry with me, *Charlotte*, because I did not tell you of my brother's intention of fetching you from *England*, in order that you might, with a tone of authority, have forbid his coming, on pain of incurring your displeasure. No, no, my Dear, we both knew you too well for that; besides, did I not tell you that he meditated revenge, ever since you laid your commands upon him not to write to you? I am sorry, though, that he surprized you so much; and did he, indeed, hold you in his arms for a minute? How I pity you! But you did scream, and that was as much as could be expected of you. I knew you would behave with propriety. Though I do long to see you, *Charlotte*, yet I am generous enough to prefer the Marquis's happiness to my own; so keep him

him in *London*, till he has thoroughly satisfied his curiosity. He cannot be better than where he now is. Had I forgot my friendship for you, when I proposed your travelling, *tête-a-tête*, with my Brother? If it was not consistent with the respect due to appearances, to go a journey with a single Gentleman, why then you might very easily have obviated that objection, by converting him into a married one. Come, come, *Charlotte*, this must be the case, one of these days; therefore, why should you lose time? I am certain, that, on his being united to you, depends his life; and you are sensible, that it would be impossible for me ever to survive his loss, should you (which God forbid!) condemn him to death, by refusing him the honour of your hand. Consider, my Dear, we have always lived together; and what material difference can it make, in converting the name of Friend, into that of

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Husband? 'Tis only suffering him to sleep in *your* room, instead of his *own*, and all things else will go on just as they used to do. But should you be so cruel, *Charlotte*, as to deny us the happiness and honour of your alliance, what a house of sorrow will our's be? And how will you upbraid yourself, for being the author of our misery! No; you are too generous, too just, to wound two hearts, which are devoted to you. My friend, my sister, I conjure you to make my Brother happy! He deserves you; you know he does; he dies for you. You are now in a country, where settlements, &c. will be better made for your security, than here; I mean, with regard to your fortune; his may be settled as you like, on your return to *Paris*. You may marry in your own church, and afterwards (for form's sake) in our Ambassador's chapel. *Sophie* will, a second time, attend you to church, under happier auspices.

In

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In short, my dearest friend, let me, when we meet again, have the extatic pleasure of saluting you by the tender name of Sister; let me see joy sparkle in the eyes of my beloved Brother; and to heighten the bliss, let us owe our felicity to you. Make my best compliments acceptable, if you please, to all your family. Consult my peace, and your own happiness, my dear, dear *Charlotte*; and prove to me, that you have a real friendship for your truly affectionate,

D'ANGEVILLE.

I shall write to my brother by this post. Why do you threaten to drop my correspondence? I cannot consent to it; however, do but act right, and you may do what else you please. I shall hear how you do, and what you say, by the Marquis, whose letters are full of you.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To Mademoiselle D'ANGEVILLE.

I Said I would not write to you any more, nor did I intend it, especially in answer to the last letter I received from you, which is now of upwards of a month's date; in it you put the knife to my throat, *Adelaide*; it seems as if all my friends had combined together, in order to persecute and distress me, and you more violently than any of the rest. Cruel friend! how have I deserved thus to be threatened with becoming the murders of those, whose lives I would readily sacrifice my own to save? The Marquis has pleaded his cause so effectually with my family, that I have not a friend left in it; nay, even Sir *Charles* has joined with my enemies, and does not hesitate to tell me, "That your Brother is worthy of my hand, and that I ought to insure

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my future felicity, by uniting myself to him." He adds, "That he never saw the man yet, till he was acquainted with the Marquis, who, as he thought had delicacy of sentiment enough to deserve me." Your Brother has read to them the letter I wrote to him, when he was so ill; indeed he teased me, till I gave him leave so to do. They all agree that I do love him, only that I don't know it, and that I shall not find it out till I am married to him. What nonsense is all this? and how can he wish to take me upon such a precarious tenure? Thus they unite to tear my heart to pieces. If I could persuade myself, that I had a sentiment for the Marquis of a tenderer nature than that of esteem, I would not hesitate a moment, but instantly consent to marry him; but my heart appears to me to be perfectly silent upon the subject. I prefer him to all his sex; I could even be his wife without reluctance, but not with pleasure; every

every mark which he shews, of the violence of his passion for me, gives me pain; I pity him, and blame my own insensibility; yet I sometimes think, that I should be sorry if he loved me less. Sir *Charles* told me, the other night, "That I was not a proper judge of my own feelings, because I compared the violent agitations I had experienced in my first attachment, with the calmer sensibility of a riper judgment, and that, on the comparison, not finding the same symptoms, though proceeding from a parallel cause, I rashly concluded, that I was not in love with the Marquis, when it was visible (he said) to every one else, how dear he was to me." Is this true, *Adelaide*? I cannot think so. Adieu, my mind is upon the rack. Ah, how difficult to attain is a thorough knowledge of our own hearts! If I know mine, it is only alive to friendship, and dead totally to every tenderer sensation. Your Brother drags me with

him to every public place, till I am fatigued to death : He will go no where without me. Every body asks, "Who he is?" And my friends (as they call themselves) always take care to answer, (in my hearing, too,) "It is the Marquis D'Aise, a French man of quality, who is come over to England, in order to marry Mrs. Williams." Is not this inconceivably odd behaviour? Your Brother has been presented at Court by your Ambassador; he looked like himself; I was there; the King spoke to him for some minutes. Once more your servant: I am cross, and tired, but love you as well as if I was better tempered. Your's,

C. WILLIAMS.

The Marquis writes you all the news, so don't expect to hear from me again this age.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Mademoiselle D'ANGEVILLE.

ADELAIDE, your Brother is perfectly well, I give you my honour of it; so be composed; and I will tell you the reason why this letter begins with so strong an assurance of his health and safety: The affair was this; though I do not think I shall give a very clear account of the matter, for I really am hardly yet recovered from the fright it occasioned me. Yesterday we went a party to the Opera; I in my own sedan chair, because I can't bear the jolting of the streets of *London* in a coach, the rest of the company in their own equipages. After the Opera was over, your Brother handed me out, and, as he was just putting me into my chair, a coach drove furiously up to it; the Marquis, with the hilt of his sword, beat back the heads of the horses, for

fear they should advance too far, and overturn my chair : Upon which, one of them reared up on his hinder legs, and gave your Brother a blow, which struck him to the ground ; I screamed, and fainted away ; what happened afterwards I know not, only that I found myself alone with the Marquis, in his coach, supporting me in his arms, and holding a bottle of salts to my nose. Having recovered my senses a little, I looked wildly round me, and asked, with terror, if he was not hurt ? He assured me he was not ; I could not believe him, and therefore repeated the question ; he then asseverated that he had received no injury, but a slight scratch from the stroke of the horse. I enquired how I came to be in his coach ? He replied, that our company were all gone into their separate equipages, and were ignorant of the accident which had befallen us ; and that not thinking it safe for me, in the situation I then was,

to

to go home alone in a chair, he had therefore taken the liberty of putting me into his coach, in order to have the greater care of me. I looked at him with astonishment, when I considered how near he was being killed a few moments before; this thought brought the tears into my eyes; indeed they flowed down my cheeks; he perceived they did so; when seizing one of my hands, he pressed it close to his bosom, saying, “My dear *Charlotte*, to what am I to ascribe the great sensibility you so obligingly shew on this occasion? Am I, indeed, dear to you? Speak, and make me the happiest of mankind.” I shall not tell you my answer, *Adelaide*, nor the rest of our conversation, till we arrived at my Brother’s: Let it suffice for you to know, that the imminent danger in which I had just seen the Marquis, taught me, that he was dearer to me than I had imagined him to be; in short, on our arrival at home, the ac-

cident was related, with all the consequences it had produced; upon which my cause was tried before all the company, and I being found guilty of loving your Brother, the jury unanimously, without quitting the room, condemned me to marry him before we left *London*. I pleaded, but could not be heard; upon which I was obliged to submit to the sentence, and even gave my word for the execution of it. I tremble at the thought, but rest assured, that I shall not recede from my word. The Marquis is out of his senses; he cannot write, he says, and so I took the pen, in order to give you this information, knowing how delighted you would be at the news. If I should not be happy now, what have you, and the rest of my friends, to answer for! I dare not think of it. Good b'ye, my dear; my next will probably be signed your affectionate sister, as well as sincere friend,

O. WILLIAMS.

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I don't think I shall write to you any more till I am executed, because I shall have a vast deal to do, and more to think of, and the Marquis tells me he writes to you constantly.

L E T T E R X V I I I .

From the Marquis D'AISE, to Mademoiselle D'ANGEVILLE.

ADELAIDE, my dearest Sister, rejoice at the felicity of a Brother, who loves you with the tenderest affection. Yesterday your lovely friend vowed herself mine for life at the altar, in the presence of her parents, brothers, sisters, good Mr. Smith, and myself; we were married twice over, as you must know. The renewal of a ceremony, the consequences of which had formerly been so fatal to her peace, threw an air of timid sensibility into my Charlotte's face, which rendered her, if possible, more

more interesting; she went through both the ceremonies with more resolution than we expected from her; and, when all was over, she turned to me, and, with a smile of the most ineffable good nature, said, "Ah, why is not my *Adelaide* here, to fill up the measure of my contentment!" I thanked her in your name, as well as my own, for this obliging wish. In short, Sister, her whole behaviour, during the day, was attentive to the company, and kind to me; she was serene, though not gay; she was thoughtful, but not melancholy; she was modest, but not prudish; in a word, she was, and is, divinely amiable: Her father, who is worthy of being so, both from his polite address, and fine understanding, shewed so thorough a satisfaction at our union, as, I saw, gave infinite satisfaction to my *Charlotte*. Her mother, who is a most agreeable woman, was all gaiety and good humour; and the worthy Mr.

Smith

Smith cried for joy, to see his dear child, as he calls her, "in the possession of an honest man;" these are his own words. Sir *Charles Stanley* shook me by the hand, and said, looking at me pathetically, "Marquis, you are now the happiest of mankind; and, (continued he,) I really believe you deserve my Sister, if any man can be said to be worthy of so inestimable a treasure as she is." We dined in the country, and that day passed with the utmost good humour and cheerfulness. My adorable wife stands at my elbow whilst I am writing; all my ideas are concentrated in her; she is my existence. I can say no more; for how vain would it be for me to attempt to describe my present happiness! Receive, my dear Sister, our joint loves. We are one; *Adelaide*, and yours, by the tenderest ties of friendship and affection,

The Marquis and Marchioness D'AISE.

P. S.

By Meet us at *Calais*; we will let you know the day, which is not yet fixt. Had not your unaccountable fear of the water oppos'd our wishes, you might now have been a partaker of our felicity. All the family here send a million of compliments to you. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

My dear ADELAIDE,

THIS day fortnight your Brother, myself, and my Brother *Rutland*, propose being at *Calais*; but we must depend upon the wind, for the certainty of meeting you there precisely on that day. We shall, however, do our part, not to disappoint you.

The Marquis is so much delighted with *England*, that he has promised to return to it next year, with Sir *Charles* and his Lady, who, you know, are to pay

pay us a visit at *Paris*; nay, my good friend, and second father, Mr. *Smith*, declares, he will immediately settle his affairs here, and end his days with us in *France*. He made his will the other day, in which he has generously made me his heir to ten thousand pounds, which, after paying some few legacies, is pretty near all he is worth. He read it to the Marquis, who insisted, that the money should be left in such a manner, as that I might possess it for my sole and separate use; protesting, at the same time, that he would not even have it in his power, either to receive, or dispose of a farthing of it. I opposed this his request with vehemence, but was over-powered by numbers, every body present declaring, that it was just it should be so. I must confess to you *Adelaide*, that your Brother's behaviour upon this, as well as every other occasion, is so nobly great, and generous, that it raises my admiration of, whilst

it augments my esteem for, his character. On the other hand, his excess of love, and tenderness for me, melts my heart to a degree of sensibility, which I am almost ashamed of; I attempt still to keep up my dignity, but I fear my actions too frequently betray my weakness. The Marquis tells me, twenty times a day, that he is sure I love him: And this thought seems to make him so extatically happy, that I cannot be so cruel as to contradict him.

I am loaded with presents for you, my Dear, from several individuals of my family; your Brother, too, has exerted the utmost powers of his imagination, in the choice of some trifles, which he thinks may be exceptable to you, as being the produce of this country: My little offering will accompany the rest. I long to see you, my dear *Adelaide*, though I shall feel a pang at parting from my friends, and relations, here. Adieu, my sweet girl, till we meet,

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meet, when I shall endeavour, by every action of my life, to prove to you, how truly I am, my dearest sister, your ever affectionate and faithful friend,

The Marchioness D'AISE.

My husband sends his love, in which we all join.

FINIS.